

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

GEORGE MOORE: "A DISCIPLE OF
WALTER PATER"

ROBERT PORTER SECHLER

A THESIS

IN ENGLISH

PRESENTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE GRADUATE SCHOOL IN
PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR
THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

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INTRODUCTION

The scholar investigating the literary origins and relationships of an author is conscientiously worried by the prospect of overstating his belief in the influence of one author upon another. And this is especially true when the elder of the two is high in his esteem. An enthusiasm for one the man affects the thinking of his admirer to such an extent that he will yield to facile emotional urges to discover apparent analogies in the works of any one whom he knows to have been affected in any way by his favorite. The slightest similarities in form, thought, and style encourage him to place great significance upon them and to produce them as evidence; whereas when the scrutiny of a more detached criticism easily annihilates his argument and proves by reason rather than intuition that the questionable passage has only tenuous connection, if any, with the first writer.

There is always the possibility that the author who is "influenced" may have constructed a passage which shows to the student of his works a remarkable resemblance in thought and style to that of the supposedly influencing man, but which, despite the fact that he is known to have read and admired him, is the result of a natural bent toward similar ideas and ideals. The student will undoubtedly find thoughts in the older of the two men which impress him greatly, and for which he will look in the work of the man whom he believes to be profoundly affected by that leader, let us say, of a school, whereas those very thoughts have not been comprehended at all by the second. He will be disappointed perhaps upon further inquiry to learn that, although the second writer had interests in common with the first the fortuitous processes of their minds brought forth not parallel but similar forms of thought—forms in which the emphasis is placed upon the same aspects of the matter at hand. The scholar must not allow himself to be placed in the undesirable position of being accused of forcing his apprehension of one man upon the work of another. The guesswork which it is possible to practice under the delusion that the author has garnered many choice parts from his master is unlimited and unjustifiable; the purpose

of the study in influences is not to prove that a man, especially a major author, has become a mimicking devotee, but to show how his thought has been affected by the author whom it is evident he admires. No student of this phase of literary criticism is justified in attributing without proof to the first author influences what he believes, after study, to be present in the second author. This necessitates an approach to the subject with the utmost restraint that scholarship demands.

Taking the subject at hand, the inquirer into the molds and forms of the second author's thought reads the existing criticism and the works of the authors themselves, following every word and phrase with closest attention and hoping to discover most minute resemblances between the two men. In his effort to discriminate he usually ends in discriminating too much. He fails to distinguish between the varieties of nuggets which he discovers, and the result is frequently an *omnium-gatherum* without any value.

No author being entirely original within himself, he finds in the writings of his predecessors suggestions, and even models, wherewith he develops his own genius and becomes a part of the great tradition of letters, and it has always been interesting to other men to determine the extent to which he has borrowed, and in many instances given to old material an altered or even novel form.

There are three types of men who exert influence upon their contemporaries and successors. The first are the lesser men whose perceptions of truth and beauty have been narrow and weak but who may have given a poor form to some idea which is seized upon by a greater man and molded to an expression unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Again, the great man, the superior genius, may be placed upon a pedestal and imitated more or less extensively by a group of admiring disciples; and in the third place a man of talent may inspire other men of talent to endeavor to form a school working with the same principles of art.

But authors sometimes refuse to disclose their literary affections, and a scholar endeavoring to analyze the work of such men is often reduced to the mere guessing aforementioned. At other times criticisms and references are granted to the reader, so that by a diligent comparison of the two men he is able

to gain some knowledge of the extent of the influence. The more frequently the borrower alludes to his mentor, or mentors, the easier the task of the researcher. The determination of how large a part the influencer plays in the shaping of the material and style of a later man is to be learned more from the admissions of the latter than from the long guesses of the commentator, and it is only upon these admissions that the similarity may be shown. Parallel passages are more easily traced than general passages involving thought and style, but behind these there is an underlying principle, or principles, which are the impressions made upon the mind of the second author by the first.

I

GEORGE MOORE'S APPRECIATION OF WALTER PATER

Mr. George Moore has been and is now one of the most revealing of authors. Concerning himself he seems to have no reticences. His autobiography and intellectual development have been related in many different works: such as, *The Confessions of a Young Man* (1888); *Impressions and Opinions* (1891), a critical work with biographical incidents; *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (1906); *Hail and Farewell* (1911-1914); *Reminiscences of Impressionistic Painters* (1906); *Avowals* (1919) *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (rewritten and republished in 1921); and *Conversations in Ebury Street* (1924). These strangely hybrid, critico-autobiographical works are supplemented by numerous slight publications in the reviews which, in several instances, have been changed for use in the larger works.¹ As a result of these generous and repetitious self-analyses, the reader of his fiction is perhaps better acquainted with the mind of George Moore than it is possible to be with that of any other author in our literature. And another advantage coming from this extensive acknowledgment of his inspirations and experience is the ease with which the sources, background and psychology of his characters are understood. The early novels in particular take as their material the almost immediate experiences of the author and permit us to judge more than ever the life which he led, the emotional and intellectual influences, and the literary aspirations which he held at that time.²

Indeed Mr. Moore finds nothing so interesting as himself, and he delights to discuss his memories of his life with anyone who will bring up the subject. We know his life in Paris, his

¹ There will be occasion to point out several examples of this in future pages.

² In *Mike Fletcher* we read that the hero of the novel wished to write a trilogy upon the life of Christ, sometimes in verse, sometimes in dramatic form. This developed into *The Brook Kerith*; and in the most recent work upon George Moore (*Conversations with George Moore*—Geraint Goodwin, Knopf, N. Y., 1930, p. 130), we learn that he wrote a play upon St. Paul (The Apostle?).

education in the *Nouvelle Athenes*, where he learned modern French aesthetics and art. He describes himself as a kind of alumnus of that school of art. We hear of the life of young aesthetes in a Paris apartment house where pythons crawl over the floor while a medieval hymn is being played upon the organ.³ His amours are retold for us in surprising detail, for he had learned from Manet that the only real shame was that of being ashamed.⁴ Therefore without reservation he writes for us the pleasant and unpleasant phases of his life, sometimes introducing slight allusions and franknesses which give his reader a complex mental image of him as he poses through life. We see him in the Paris apartment in the mauve luxury of the young aesthete; we see him in the garden of the Dublin house by the lilac bushes; we see him at 121 Ebury Street, an elderly gentleman ornamenting the "purple architecture" of the celebrated Aubusson carpet, while he listens to the ticking of his equally illustrious Louis Quinze clock. He is always there, a sandy-haired old gentleman from whom flows a mellow stream of thoughts upon himself, upon art, upon life, and upon literature. We know George Moore as a hedonist. All is told with heightened color, a whimsicality, a naïveté, a pleasing exaggeration usually the license of the story teller; and a spice of malice and satire. We read of his associations with artists and authors, the French group of the nineteenth century, the struggling writers of London, and the choice spirits of the Irish Renaissance.

Although his actual life counts much in the man's work, we are interested primarily in the study of his experience with literature, and particularly with his experience of the literature written by one man. We thank him for the presentation of the components of his social life, but we are more thankful for the motifs that he has given from his literary life.

As we have pointed out on previous pages, the difficulty of the researcher into the influence of one man upon another is, frequently, inadequate evidences upon which to base his opinions; but in this instance Mr. Moore has elaborately related his en-

³ The famous passage from *Confessions* often quoted as an example of decadence. (P. 71.)

⁴ *Hail and Farewell*, V. II, p. 273.

joyment of the writings of Walter Pater, his personal contacts with him, and his efforts to model his aestheticism after the Oxonian's suggestions. The work of the researcher is scarcely hampered by the absence of clues, as essential in this kind of detective work as in that connected with a mystery novel. There are plenty of clues, as we shall attempt to show in our ensuing pages, and our labor has been that of tracing them down and arranging them in order that we may deduce the final conclusions from their presence.

Walter Pater has been known among some men of letters, moralists, and critics, as the author of books whose influence upon the minds of his contemporaries was of the most pernicious nature. The dreaded philosophy of "hedonism", which Pater himself feared would be misunderstood by the young men of his day⁵ has been argued over and abused by those who have read his works superficially. Oscar Wilde, Arthur Symons, Lionel Johnson and many others with whose careers are associated excesses "too horrible to discuss" have been pointed out as the natural and legitimate offspring of a perverted teaching. Many sneers and sniggers have put the celebrated dictum "To burn always with a hard, gemlike flame, is success in life"⁶ into the category of the ridiculous. The teacher's style has been pronounced upon by savants and declared to be boneless and prolix. Undoubtedly such men as Wilde and Symons took a biased interpretation of Pater (yet there is no proof that Pater's wholly unrelated teachings and conduct are the immediate cause of these disciples' corruption), forgetting, in their eagerness to preach a doctrine of licentiousness, that Pater had introduced asceticism and chastity into the life of his ideal young man. References are too frequently omitted in the articles which find their way into the Pater bibliography.

The ascetic disposition is emphasized in *Marius the Epicurean* and *Greek Studies*. The Greek *ascesis*⁷ as interpreted by Pater is not a sour, puritanical element in a man's character, but is described as a mild abstention from anything that would corrupt

⁵ *The Renaissance*, concluding essay.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 197.

⁷ This is derived from Plato.

or defile the beauty and health of physical and spiritual life. Pater lived this and expressed it; it permeates his works and is part of that "insight" which he places so high in the development of the human intelligence.⁸ In the midst of his more obviously sensuous imagery, the lush gentleness, colorful language, smooth cadences and complex emotional and intellectual appreciation of the world appealing to the eye and ear, the reader finds many uses of the adjectives "austere", "grave" and "solemn"; and there is throughout his work the "certain high seriousness", so valued by Arnold, without a taint of flippancy or insincerity. The soft aestheticism which is a perversion of Pater and which was undoubtedly practiced by some of the less discriminating of his disciples is not found in any of his writings.

The other quality, a carefully wrought style, which Pater exemplified, has carried over into the minds of many later contributors to the sum of our literature, and it may not be doubted that the influence has been beneficial. A greater attention to beauty of prose, to the value of mere words for suggestive power and musical quality has aided in bringing many beautiful pieces of imaginative literature into existence.

Now Pater drew much from the French school in the matter of style.⁹ Flaubert was his master, and suggested the value of a "curious" use of words, the seeking after the *mot propre*. His biographers tell us that he was a constant reader of the dictionary, a student of words.¹⁰ He was undoubtedly affected by the cult of beauty and drew not only his lessons in writing from Flaubert, but also the source of some of his ideas.¹¹

Mr. Moore by coincidence spent a part of his youth in Paris searching for art, and there learned to speak and write a language which Pater merely read, but with which he had the greatest sympathy. Moore knew French literature pretty thoroughly by the time he returned to England in 1882. His technique was a strange mixture of aestheticism and realism, plus naturalism. The

⁸ *Greek Studies*.

⁹ See "Essay on Style" in *Appreciations*.

¹⁰ See Greenslet et al.

¹¹ Pater found the suggestion for the story of Denys L'Auxerrois in a figure in a church window just as Flaubert: *St. Jean L'Hopitalier*.

French variety of the first of these three qualities was a lustful and sex-ridden conception. It insisted upon the devastating rule of experiencing life to its dregs, of exciting one's sensual as well as sensuous potentialities, and provided for no selective, reasonable middle path. All life, it seems, was to be a series of new and frequently debilitating experiences which were to be thrown aside as soon as the novelty had been exhausted. The senses were to be violently, not gently excited; the aesthetic experience should, if possible be, exotic and bizarre; French aestheticism preferred the bizarre.¹²

Moore returned to England with the intention of establishing the aesthetic novel.¹³ His definition of the aesthetic novel is not given but we gather that it is a generic term applicable to both the realistic and naturalistic novels.¹⁴ It is at least interesting to remark how he considered his preparation for novel writing, his aesthetic background at that time. In *The Confessions* he writes:¹⁵

" . . . But this is not a course of literature but the story of the artistic development of me, Edward Dayne . . . so I will tarry no longer with mere criticism . . . Shelley had revealed to me the unimagined skies where the spirit sings of light and grace; Gautier had shown me how extravagantly beautiful is the visible world, and how divine is the rage of the flesh; and with Balzac I had descended circle by circle into the nether world of the soul and watched its afflictions. Then there were minor awakenings. Zola had enchanted me with decoration and astonished me with theory; Flaubert had astonished me with the wonderful delicacy and subtlety of his workmanship, Goncourt's brilliant adjectival effects had captivated me for a time, but all these impulses were crumbling into dust, these aspirations were etiolated, sickly as faces grown old in gaslight."

These were the memorable intellectual influences that had set

¹² J. K. Huysmans' *A Rebours* is an example of this highly melodramatic aestheticism, in which a young nobleman retires to a country place where he performs all sorts of grotesque experiments to please his senses. Huysmans was well known to Moore, and there is a possible influence which will be discussed later.

¹³ *Conversations with George Moore*—Goodwin, Boni, N. Y., 1930, p. 51.

¹⁴ *Confessions*, p. 72.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 182.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 183.

George Moore upon the road to a literary life. It is notable that only one of these is English—and he has told us how impressed he was with Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* when he as a mere stripling first discovered it away back in the Georgian House by the "pale green Irish lake." His admiration for Balzac is great and he has given us innumerable testimonials of his interest in the works of that great French author. He was attracted to the fantastic and unusual as found in Gautier, Zola and the Goncourts; and it is the George Moore of these strenuous ideals and sensations who published the *Flowers of Passion* (1878) and *Pagan Poems* (1881). But according to the last sentence of our quotation he was no longer interested in, or feeling sympathetic toward the Gallic influences, and although Shelley, Gautier and Balzac had been awakenings to him there remained the fourth and last influence:

"So I will tarry no longer [a part of the former quotation] but go direct to the book to which I owe that last temple in my soul—'Marius the Epicurean'. Well I remember when I read the opening lines, and how they came upon me sweetly as the flowing breath of a bright spring. I knew that I was awakened a fourth time, that a fourth vision of life was to be given to me. . . .

I had not thought of the simple and unaffected joy of the heart of natural things; the color of the open air, the many forms of the country, the birds flying—that one making for the sea,—the abandoned boat, the dwarf roses and the wild lavender; nor had I thought of the beauty of mildness in life and how by a certain avoidance of the wilfully passionate and the surely ugly we may secure an aspect of life that is abiding and soul sufficing. A new dawn was in my brain, fresh and fair, and the lurking fragrance of incense; that such a vision of life was possible I had no suspicion, and it came upon me almost with the same strength as that divine song of the flesh, *Mademoiselle de Maupin*.

It is evident that Moore came upon Pater with a mind sympathetic to the sensuous quality of *Marius the Epicurean*, not so much because he was a soul akin, but because he had tired of French interpretations of beauty. He was still susceptible to the aesthetic, still interested in establishing that kind of novel in England and he found a new, a healthier kind of aestheticism in the sensations and ideas of Marius.

There are some interesting comparisons to be made between the phraseology of the above quotation and that of the pages of *Marius the Epicurean*:

"And now what relieved in part this over-tension of soul was the lad's pleasure in the country and the *open air*; above all the ramble to the coast, over the marsh with its *dwarf roses and wild lavender*, and delightful signs, one after another—the *abandoned boat*, the ruined flood gates, the *flock of wild birds—that one was approaching the sea*; the long summer day of idleness among its *scents and sounds*."¹⁷

The allusions to incense are very frequent in *Marius the Epicurean*, and the phrase "lurking fragrance of incense", which may be a reminder of any number of recollections probably comes from "a distant fragrance of incense" found in the chapter "A Change of Air".¹⁸ He is quite right in giving the general atmosphere of the book as "fresh and fair", a sentiment which epitomizes the first half, at least. In describing it Moore seems to have been able to choose only the language which Pater himself customarily used with such precision and effect, for "sweetly as the flowing breath of a bright spring" is a simile quite Paterian in its imagery. *Marius* is filled with allusions to "sweetly", "flowing breath" and "bright spring".

Since *Mademoiselle de Maupin* has overwhelmed the conscious intellect of Moore, he compares the two books, which seem to be quite dissimilar, having but one thing in common and that is the aesthetic principle, for the French novel is a perverted, sexual book depicting a dozen sides of life that Pater would never have thought of putting into one of his volumes. The French novel is Gothic or medieval idealism debauched with "secret sins" and many other abnormalities; and violent and tense with a pathologic atmosphere; whereas *Marius* is always calm, gentle, the very *exemplar* of the stoic Greek serenity. *Marius's* scepticism is a serious and sincere characteristic which is profound and touches the very foundations of a spiritual life. The aestheticism of the Frenchman is directed toward pleasure,

¹⁷ *Op. cit.*, p. 20.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 36.

but the philosophic disposition of Pater is toward an abiding happiness.

Nevertheless Moore writes as follows:

"Certainly in my mind these books will always be intimately associated, and when a few adventitious points of difference be forgotten it is interesting to note how firm is the alliance, and how cognate and co-equal the sympathies; the same glad worship of the visible world, the same incurable belief that the beauty of natural things is sufficient for all the needs of life. Mr. Pater can join hands with Gautier in saying—*je trouve la terre aussi belle que le ciel, et je pense que la correction de la forme est la vertu*—and I too join issue; I too love the great pagan world, its bloodshed, its slaves, its injustice, its loathing of all that is feeble."

This strongly emotional, rhapsodical tribute to his newly discovered author was not the first public admiration that Mr. Moore made. The previous year he had written and published a mediocre novel¹⁹ containing several pages of praise put into the mouth of the hero. This will be discussed at some length in the next chapter. The purpose of the present chapter is to deal chiefly with the direct admissions in his non-fictional works which Mr. Moore has made of the influence which Pater has had upon him.

Keenly as Mr. Moore felt the aesthetic quality and the sensuous appeal of *Marius the Epicurean* he goes further in telling us that this first great prose that he had read in his native tongue opened his intellectual eye as well as his physical eye. Following the selection quoted above from *The Confessions of a Young Man*, we read:

"But Marius the Epicurean was more to me than a mere emotional influence, precious and rare though that may be, for this book was the first in English prose I had come across that procured for me any genuine pleasure in the language itself, in the combination of words for silver or gold chime, and unconventional cadence, and for all those lurking half-meanings and that evanescent suggestion like the odor of dead roses, that words retain to the last of other times and elder usage. Until I read 'Marius' the English

¹⁹ *A Mere Accident*, N. Y., 1887.

language (English prose) was to me what French must be to the majority of English readers. I read for the sense, that was all; the language itself seemed to me coarse and plain, and awoke in me neither aesthetic emotion nor interest. Marius was the stepping stone that carried me across the channel into the genius of my own tongue. The translation was not too abrupt. I found a constant and careful invocation of meaning that was a little aside of the common comprehension and also a sweet depravity of ear for unexpected falls of phrase, and of eye for his observed depths of colours, which although new was a sort of sequel to the education I had chosen, and a continuance of it in a foreign, but not wholly unfamiliar medium, and having saturated myself with Pater the passage to DeQuincey was easy. He too was a Latin in manner and temper of mind, but he was truly English, and through him I passed to the study of Elizabethan dramatists, the real literature of my race, and washed myself clean."

Thus English literature owes to the beneficent influence of Walter Pater the man who is probably the finest stylist using the language, in this present day, as an artistic vehicle of thought. He has "saturated" himself with Pater, has taken him to his heart and his mind. All the niceties of the eye, the nose and the ear have been suggested to him; his own literature has been called to his attention; the possibilities of English prose. The call to be an artist in a new medium and the desire to be English, not Irish or French, had come upon him. He washed himself clean—of what—well we may suppose that it was the Gallicism which permeated his earlier style. He has never done away with all of his Irish idioms.

This enthusiastic praise of the quiet Oxford tutor would be sufficient reason for the study of Mr. Moore's work to find the evidences of what he believes to be a great experience in his life, but there are many subsequent tributes which must be discussed before this chapter is completed.

The effect of Pater's *Marius the Epicurean* upon Mr. Moore may then be summed up in this conclusion, namely: that the book caused him to see life and nature as mild and dispassionate; that it interested him in the sensuous effect of words; and that it led him to a more thorough liking for the literature of his own race. These three things will be of importance as bases upon which we shall place our conclusions in later pages.

At the time the *Confessions of a Young Man* appeared, *Spring Days* (1888) came out. There are no references to Pater in this novel and Mr. Moore has admitted that he was trying to imitate Jane Austen.²⁰ As we shall learn later in *Avowals* (1903; re-edited 1921) his enthusiasm for Pater was cooled by the lack of reciprocal feeling on Pater's side.

Impressions and Opinions which Mr. Moore published in 1891 holds but a slight allusion to the author's admiration for Pater. It indicates, however, that the admiration has not passed away: ". . . and the daily press letting pass the rarest prose and verse without a word (I believe no notice appeared of Mr. Pater's *Imaginary Portraits* (1887) in the *Telegraph*, *The Standard*, or *The Chronicle*) eagerly gives up dozens of columns to praise and quotation of the stupid anecdotes that anyone who has held or played in the theatre chooses to write out."²¹

We know that Mr. Moore still considers Pater's among the "rarest prose" and that he has read the celebrated *Imaginary Portraits*.

Evelyn Innes (1898) contains another reference to the *Imaginary Portraits* with a critical judgment that is significant as showing Mr. Moore's appreciation of the then disembodied characters that pass across the pages of the book.

The heroine has gone to the nunnery for the benefit of her soul, where she expects to remain for some weeks. She takes along with her a number of books for reading,²² Berlioz's *Memoirs*, Pater's *Imaginary Conversations* and Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience*. The reader is puzzled at first by the appearance of this apparently unlisted work by Pater, and concludes that the error is either typographical or a *lapsus memoriae*, that the author of whom Mr. Moore was thinking being Landor. In pages farther on he learns, however, that he has been thinking definitely

²⁰ "My Friendship with George Moore," by the Marquise Clara Lanza Bookman 47: 480 (1918). This article is very interesting as the Marquise had much to do with the early publication of *Confessions* and *Mike Fletcher* in this country.

²¹ *Impressions and Opinions*, Brentano's, New York. Second impression n. d. The bibliography compiled in Freeman's *Portrait of George Moore*, by Henry Danielson gives *Impressions and Opinions*. London, David Nutt, 1891.

²² *Evelyn Innes*, Appleton, New York, 1927, p. 382.

of Pater's *Imaginary Portraits*. When Evelyn turns to the books to read, she picks up the Berlioz but does not find his work comforting.

"Nor did she find the spiritual stimulus she needed in Pater's *Imaginary Portraits*. Some moody souls reflecting with no undue haste, without undue desire to arrive at any definite opinion concerning certain artistic problems, did not appeal to her."²³

The next allusions to Pater are to be found in the pages of *Hail and Farewell* covering the period from 1911 to 1914. In the gossipy three parts *Ave, Salve, Vale*, which present the Irish Renaissance with the exaggerating brush of a satirist, we find that Mr. Moore has not forgotten his Pater, whose work is a kind of resting place for the tired author's mind when he desires to think of mildness and pleasantness, affords in him occasional remarks for the ornamentation of his pages. We read:

"There is nothing more human, as Pater remarks, than the wish to be remembered for some years after death, and Dan was essentially a human being, and Bridget was a human being."²⁴

And again:

"A light breeze rustled in the lilacs, and I stood for a long time forgetful of my idea, seeking within the long pointed leaves for the blossoms breaking into purple and white, thinking that the tranquil little path under the bushes was just the one Pater would choose for philosophic meditation; but feeling that the sunlight beguiled my mind into thought I wandered round the garden."²⁵

The philosophic and meditative genius of Pater appears to have soothed the earlier vehement spirit of the man who wrote *Mike Fletcher* and other equally strenuous novels. We find that the *Imaginary Portraits* is of interest to Col. Maurice Moore, for Mr. George Moore comes down stairs one afternoon to find

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 393.

²⁴ *Hail and Farewell*, V. I, p. 26.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 474. This appears as part of *Jubilation in the Garden*, Eng. Rev. 12: (10-21).

his brother in the dining room "surrounded by books, *Imaginary Portraits*, *Evelyn Innes* and a book of *Irish Folk-Tales*, and he was reading Strauss's *Life of Jesus*," and he makes a notation of it in order that the reader may know that his brother reads good works.²⁶

When Mr. Moore writes of how he received a letter from the bishop to whom he has written about communion with the Anglican church, he remarks that it has been "lost, unfortunately, as were some of Pater's letters."²⁷ Later on, while looking over some books, he exclaims: ". . . Pater? His *Epicurean*? A tide of honeyed words preached by a divine from an ivory pulpit, well worth re-reading, but . . ."²⁸

In another place he writes: ". . . and it is Yeats's belief that those among us who refuse to write are forced back upon artificial speech which they create, and which is often very beautiful; the beauty of Pater's or Morris's prose cannot be denied, but their speech Yeats would say lacks naturalness; it is not a living speech."²⁹

In a judgment of the significance of these remarks scattered throughout this volume of reminiscences there are certain relations to be considered. The first discrimination which we may make is the familiarity with Pater that is shown. It is not perhaps the familiarity of minute knowledge but rather the intimacy of having made the author a part of the subconscious mind. Under such a condition Mr. Moore finds memories of Pater floating up into the consciousness of his thought, so that he takes him as the handiest and easiest source of analogies and similes. In the second place, Pater's name suggests beauty, and it is the connotation of the idea which the name of the man carries with it, that is the reason for Mr. Moore's allusion. Pater's letters are remembered to have been memorable events in Mr. Moore's life and documents which were worth keeping. He carries out the sensuous imagery, the delicate and dainty picture that Pater's name calls up; "honeyed words" and "ivory

²⁶ *Ibid.*, V, II, p. 59.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, V, II, p. 141.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, V, II, p. 156.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, V, II, p. 291.

pulpit" quickly associate themselves with the noun. The fine art of style is closely allied to Pater who is to Moore an example of beautiful but unnatural style. There is not that extreme praise in this work that one finds in the *Confessions*. It is tempered by years and a knowledge that Pater has his limitations.

We now pass in chronological order to the preface which Mr. Moore in 1915 wrote to the new edition, or perhaps more precisely, the rewriting of *A Drama in Muslin*, which was thus reborn as *Muslin*, a very interesting comment which concentrates or epitomizes his relationship to Pater.

His publishers having pressed him for a new book, he decides to revise *A Drama in Muslin*, a copy of which he does not possess. At a neighboring bookseller's he ferrets out a volume and, having taken it home, he indulges in the following praise of himself:

"A comedy novel written with sprightliness and wit, I said as I turned to the twentieth page, and it needs hardly any editing. A mere retying of a few bows that the effluxion of time has untied, or were never tied by the author, who if I remember right, used to be less careful of his literary appearance than his prefacer, neglecting to examine his sentences and to scan them as often as one might expect from an admirer, not to say a disciple, of Walter Pater.

"An engaging young man arose out of the pages of this book, one that Walter Pater would admire (did admire), one that life, I added seems to have affected through his sense violently, and who was (may we say therefore) a little overanxious to possess himself of a vocabulary which would suffer him to tell all he saw, heard, smelt and touched."³⁰

We know through the *Avowals* of which we shall speak later, that Mr. Moore wrote *The Drama in Muslin* in 1885, and that he either read *Marius the Epicurean* while he was in this labor or just after his pen had been laid aside. The novel has one reference to Pater. On the book shelf is found a volume of "Walter Pater's *Renaissance—studies in art and poetry*",³¹ which is the first allusion in Mr. Moore's works to Walter Pater. Although much excision took place in the rewriting of the book, the volume was allowed to remain.

³⁰ Preface to *Muslin*, p. vii.

³¹ *Drama in Muslin*, p. 327. *Muslin*, p. 340.

To return to the preface. If we are to take Mr. Moore's written word, he declares himself even more than a mere admirer—a very disciple of Walter Pater. He has told us of the ways that the older man affected him, how he awakened a latent aestheticism in him, a love of natural beautiful things, and a pleasure in beautiful language; now he steps forth declaring himself to be one of a school, one of the men who found in Pater sufficient inspiration and truth to follow his theory and to preach it to the world. The old important touchstones are these—sense and style tightly bound together by the single word "disciple". There are few men who have made themselves so clear as to their derivations and aspirations as Mr. Moore.

Even three years later when he put out *A Story Teller's Holiday*, he could not refrain from an allusion to Pater which has a rather malicious strain in it.³²

The shanachie, Alec, has just finished with the story of the Moling and the nun Legach. The cleric had seduced the innocent recluse by a scandalous subterfuge. He had made himself fast to the cross before which the nun, in the mingled pangs of subverted sex desire, was accustomed to pray, apparently to be granted the same divine gift that the Virgin had received. The child born from the trespass was considered by the nuns and the public to be of a miraculous conception. It was called Martin, and in later years the monk's conscience disturbed him until he confesses his part in the miracle and Martin fled the country. Mr. Moore writes at the end of the story:

"A story, I said, that would have won its way into Pater's heart and I fell to thinking how he would have written it, beginning perhaps:

"And, oh the pity of it! the young man returning to the convent of Cuthmore, after long years of vain searching for Moling and the three wisemen only to find her grave—her grave and his birthplace (the goatherd had told him that Ligach was buried in the cell in which she had lived all her life) and to stand by it hopeful, looking on him himself as the vindicator of her sad cause, his life devoted to that end—a long knight errantry—and on the religion he would found as the warrant he needed of her virginity and his own Messiahship!"

³² *A Story Teller's Holiday*, New York, privately printed 1918, p. 207.

The story is sacrilegious and indelicate; so Pater would probably never have selected such a plot. On the other hand, Mr. Moore has caught Pater's style almost to perfection. There is the long, involved, winding sentence; there are parentheses, appositives, participial phrases, the slow, smooth rhythm; and even the notes of "hope" and "sadness", with a series of sensuous images; and the prevalent exclamation point, all of which are the witnesses to Pater's style. If Mr. Moore has admired and studied this style so much that he can imitate it, he has undoubtedly put some of its features into his own. It is a kind of gesture, to show his reader that he has complete mastery of his medium, but it is a gesture that holds much for the student of literary influences. Like the others it is the result of a sub-conscious mind calling up the thought of a master or friend to a pupil. In the imitation there is the highest praise because Moore evidently considers that Pater's way of telling the story would be truly beautiful, all ugliness and realism being submerged or omitted by a golden stream of ideal suggestion or thought. Again, it is but another example which signifies that Moore has kept up the association with Pater; has never forgot him.

The book that followed *A Story Teller's Holiday* was *Avowals*.³³ Its importance in our study is immeasurable. The prevalence of allusions to, and discussions of, Pater are equal to, if not more than all the previous ones. The volume opens with a conversation between Messrs. Gosse and Moore; and the subject is, of course, literary. After a few pages we read the following remark by Mr. Moore:

"English genius has certainly found abundant expression in the essay. Landor, Pater, DeQuincey, Lamb, you know how I have yielded to these writers . . ."³⁴

A few pages farther on, the author's mood becomes jocular:

"Moore: . . . Nor is it likely that Pater's and Landor's readers will

³³ *Avowals*, privately printed, London, 1919. Boni and Liveright, 1919.

³⁴ *Op. cit.*, p. 11. Boni, ed.

increase; but there will always be a few. You know the prophecy, arriving early and staying late. All the same, the thought is a sad one that the next generation may be more concerned with my writings than with Landor's or Pater's, and because they are inferior.

"Gosse: Does your distress extend to my writings?

"Moore: Mr. Gosse, I hadn't thought of yours, but I am sure you would shed the last drop of your blood to make Landor and Pater known to the next generation."⁸⁵

Again we read:

"Moore: I have written my essay here and there, a manner of writing which I acquired from Pater through Symons."⁸⁶

The style of the essay which is then read is not Paterian, and the only way we know its relationship is Mr. Moore's admission. Its content consists chiefly of a criticism of the English novel and we conclude that the "here and there" was the method used in putting the essay together. This will be discussed in a later chapter.

In another place further along in the book Gosse and Moore delve deeply into the matter of syntax and grammar, and Gosse reminds Moore of how he, Moore, once came to him with a "bunch of mistakes culled from Landor's, Pater's and his, [Gosse's] works." We therefore have some evidence that Mr. Moore made rather intensive studies of Pater's sentence construction.

The conversation continues until Moore tells Gosse that he will now "assimilate" the conversation into the form of an essay (the interest in the essay probably comes from Pater) and thanks his critical friend for the service he has done him:

"Moore: . . . You have no idea how you have helped me, Gosse. You have done me a service that I shall always remember.

"Gosse: One moment. You have forgotten Pater.

"Moore: Whose *Marius the Epicurean* is the only English narrative that men of letters will turn to in the years that lie ahead of us.

⁸⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 39.

⁸⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 44.

⁸⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 97.

"Gosse: He applied himself to the art of writing.

"Moore: He wrote the only prose that I never weary of; but it was not of the beauty of his prose that I was about to speak, but of something which is perhaps as important. He wrote more about humanity than character. You remember the chapter entitled *White Nights*. In it he allows Marius to pass before us almost without distinguishing trait as a typical young man of all time, and as a foil to the almost abstract Marius he sets Flavius, whom the casual reader prefers, for character rather than humanity was Pater's intention in his portrait of Marius' friend . . ."³⁸

This is further criticism which illuminates Mr. Moore's ideas and opinions of *Marius* upon whom he apparently meditates whenever his mind is free from his occupation of writing. He reiterates his belief in the eternal quality of the book. This unshakable insistence constantly reassures us that we may expect to find in him a bent toward the qualities which make Pater a writer of the first rank. The epitome of Marius as typical of humanity is important. This is not the judgment of a young man who seizes upon the idealizing Roman as a symbol of himself, but the decision of a mature, even old man, and we may easily assume that the "young man" has appeared in Mr. Moore's novels. It is not the first impression of Marius; it is the conclusion of a literary man who has studied his master and seeks an interpretation.

A little later during an analysis of Hawthorne's work, Mr. Moore finds occasion to compare his careful sentence structure with Pater's equally painstaking models, for he claims that Hawthorne desired like Pater to make each sentence a work of art.³⁹

The next mention of Pater is in a conversation with Mr. Balderston, and continues an idea which was suggested in the conversation with Gosse that Pater is after all not an author who will be widely known, that he is an author belonging to men of letters. Mr. Balderston has then reminded Moore that Pater once wrote a letter to him (which he published in the preface to the Heineman edition of the *Confessions*)⁴⁰ advising him that he

³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 102.

³⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 110.

⁴⁰ This letter has appeared in at least two other writings of Moore and will be quoted very shortly. The Heineman edition came out in 1904.

was cutting himself off from many readers by his Aristophanic joy:

"Moore: Pater cut himself off from many readers by his unfailing sense of beauty; and I can imagine the embarrassment that would have been aroused in his face if I had warned him that he was cutting himself off from many readers by insisting on a certain unfailing sense of beauty, not readily apprehended by the casual reader."⁴¹

Mr. Moore has just been lamenting that conduct of Public Libraries which excluded *Esther Waters* from their shelves, and consoles himself with the belief that an author "whose aim is art" can never have popular success. The sense of beauty which Mr. Moore has been developing has many resemblances to that which Pater had in abundance. We have been too constantly reminded of it to have need of repetition in this place. The notation is but another example of the willingness with which Mr. Moore gives an opinion of any phase of Pater.

It would seem that little more need be said to show how well-versed in Pater Mr. Moore was. The Pater period extends from the writing of *The Drama in Muslin* down to the present book. Nevertheless he opens his mind even more for us in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters of *Avowals*, repeating with more detail his discovery of Pater and the associations which ensued.

The three chapters appeared originally as one in *Lippincott's Magazine*.⁴² A comparison of the two writings of the topic will be helpful. The earlier version is much condensed and puts emphasis upon different sides of Pater. He tells us that most of the previous week was spent reading the *Imaginary Portraits* and that the reading itself was a rare pleasure—like "a happy melodious dream full of faint color and perfume flowing on page after page." The reading was not the first, for Pater had given him the proofs of a *Prince of Court Painters* many years ago and he "had admired the dream of a plaintive woman, but plaintive only within herself, wearying no

⁴¹ *Avowals*, p. 20.

⁴² "Avowals: Walter Pater. Being the sixth of a new series of Confessions of a Young Man, by George Moore," *Lippincott's Magazine*, 73: 168 (1904).

one with regrets, loving Watteau from a distant village, content, or very nearly, to hear of his fame." He goes on to say that he had been trying to read the volume but the proper mood did not come for many days, and then it came and it satisfied the "need of the moment." . . . "We are but the need of the moment (he writes) . . . we are always becoming our books. Could we remember this, life would be more decorous, for it is certainly an indecorous thing to open Pater's *Imaginary Portraits* and say 'this book will never be mine.' He goes on to tell what the reader will have:

" . . . he will experience a delight not to be found anywhere else in literature, in painting or in sculpture; nor will his enjoyment be the enjoyment that he experiences in music, though it will be more akin to that enjoyment than any other. While he reads this book it will seem to him that he is listening to music, for the book breathes a natural music, the music one hears in Maytime, when Maytime makes a harp of the forest and a lyre of the shore. Methinks that Pater desired the ear more than any other sense. Has he not said in an incomparable passage that the tendency of all the arts is to aspire to the condition of music."⁴³

He goes on to tell us that he read the *Renaissance* in a lonely country house and enjoyed especially the "delicious" essay on Botticelli:

"The *Renaissance* is a younger book than *Imaginary Portraits*. The *Renaissance* is a magical morning of sunshine and incomparable haze, a morning when the brown wood is only green in patches and the first cuckoos call from hill to hill, and the lofty virgin waterfall sings a welcome to the warm pool. But the happiness that *Imaginary Portraits* procures is the happiness that we experience lying on a hilltop at the end of a long afternoon before the year has begun to decline and seeing a long plain thru a vista, a long blue plain becoming violet under the gold of the sunset. Then there is a faint exaltation in the air, the swallows are flying high, high as our thoughts, a spirit of peace is abroad; we are conscious of an eternal harmony, and this I think is the mood of the *Imaginary Portraits*."

⁴³ Pater's *Renaissance*. There are several passages in which Pater developed this idea which he obtained from Hegel. It is found also in *Plato and Platonism* and *Greek Studies*. Moore is probably thinking of one of the passages from the *School of Giorgione*.

Of course the two comparisons are Paterian. The sensuous appeal of nature in mild and lovely form is accentuated because there is no more becoming simile to be found. Mr. Moore has lost himself in the purely sensuous effect of Pater's art; has been imaginatively awakened by the soft challenge to his eye and ear. It is like a practical application of the theory which he quotes in the previous paragraph that all the arts tend toward the condition of music.

Then he goes on to relate how he had been in a country house by a western lake writing a book "the name of which now fills me with dismay." While endeavoring to find something beautiful to read he saw the notice of Pater's *Marius the Epicurean* and, having heard of Pater as a writer of beautiful books, sent for it, "clinging to the hope that I had heard truly."

It is at this point that the ninth chapter of *Avowals* begins, and it will be well to quote the paragraphs which describe the effect of the book upon him. There is a repetition of some of the thought found in the *Confessions*, and the thought is essentially the same. On the other hand, it is more precisely expressed than the first:

"The first paragraph of the newly arrived book predicted something that France had not revealed to me, and when that wonderful second chapter entitled *White Nights* was reached I sat thinking, a little overcome, reproaching myself for not having thought of the unaffected joys of the heart, the color of the great air about the yellowing marbles of the Roman Villa, or that by helping one's mother with her white and purple wools, and caring for her musical instruments it was possible to win from the handling of such things an urbane and feminine refinement, or that by avoiding all that leads into desire and is evidently ugly, we can make sure of a temporal life sufficiently stable and sufficient for the soul. No I had not thought of that."⁴⁴

He goes on to tell us how the story lifted a great mood of dejection from his mind and he believed that Pater had raised the English language from the dead. He calls the story a modern one "inasmuch as it is a human one." He felt that he had much in common with Marius who lived in an old family mansion and went to Rome for a literary career.⁴⁵

⁴⁴ *Avowals*, p. 126. *Marius*, p. 16.

⁴⁵ *Avowals*, p. 196.

We find here that the book he was writing or had written when he read Marius was *A Drama in Muslin* and the year was 1885. He was obliged to stay at Moore Hall until spring though he wanted to rush to London to find out how the book was being received there, and especially to rush into the Robinsons' drawing room on Earl's Terrace in Kensington and cry: "Pater has added a prose work to English literature, a thing English literature stands in need of."

In the *Avowals* as published in 1903, he makes a general statement of how he met Pater whom he "recognized as the fourth great literary and moral influence that had come into my life." In the book he tells how he went to the Robinsons but found their enthusiasm tempered by a personal knowledge of Pater. It was on this visit that he met Vernon Lee, another Paterian; and a little later Henry James dropped in, spoiling the conversation on Pater. However the talk turned again to Marius and there was much criticism, Henry James saying that the first part of the book praised paganism but that the second part was in admiration of Christianity. He went on further to say that Pater took Christianity under his personal wing and thereby diminished the aesthetic value of the work, for in the next chapter he tells how Marius was affected by the Christian ritual. The argument over, Marius continued until one of the Misses Robinson said that she did not think that Pater would come there that day, and Mr. Moore was elated to learn that he could meet the great man there. At length the day arrived when the presentation was made:

"After that day I often went to his house to be absorbed in its soothing greys; a quiet harmony where conversation was always kind; a little too formal, perhaps, for my task . . . I went to his house to luncheon and to dinner, and in the afternoons had long walks with him."

The description of Pater lays emphasis upon his ugliness, his reticence, the mask which he wore, and his apparent indifference to his friends. Moore believes that Pater rather dreaded life and that even in games he did not act because of love of sport but because it was a "seemly and decorous" thing to do. "His instinct was

never to show himself to the world except in a carefully considered attitude and light."⁴⁶

Mr. Moore evidently pressed himself upon Pater, following him about and trying to learn the secrets of his soul, as it were. The efforts were not particularly successful until he told him how he had enjoyed *The Child in the House*, especially the part in which the child "takes pleasure in listening to the rustling of a flowering branch beyond his window."⁴⁷

Pater gave him the proofs of the sketch, and he felt that an inestimable favor was being conferred upon him. He writes that Pater always stood a little aloof, never being a good story teller "and his imaginary portraits gain a dim subdued beauty from his scrupulous reverence of an art that was not his, and which he did not wish to be his, preferring to glance into life and to dream on what he had half seen, half defined, rather than to pry and to take notes. And looked at from this side, the imaginary portraits are intimations of life rather than life as it seems in its passing. In the *Prince of Court Painters* he gives us a soul apart, lighting no other soul, lit with no light of its own, and visible to us through borrowed light. Watteau is away in Paris, and Jean Baptiste's sister dreams of Watteau's art and a little of her brother's. A satellite soul truly, as was Rembrandt's wife, but her pilgrimage was in person, and the sorrow we read on her face is real sorrow, but in Pater's portrait of Jean Baptiste's sister, only an illusive regret appears, if as much."

Mr. Moore goes on to relate how he met Pater and told him that this portrait of a woman was the only one in English literature which pictured a being that is spiritually a woman and like Rembrandt's portrait of his wife.⁴⁸ Not being certain that Pater comprehended this criticism, he followed him into his home arguing that Rembrandt had introduced woman into art (the women of the Renaissance being mere instruments of pleasure)

⁴⁶ *Avowals*, Lippincott's Magazine, 73, p. 168.

⁴⁷ This is taken from 1919 ed. of *Avowals*. In the 1904 version this reads as follows: "how the convalescent child lay in bed watching the flowering branch swaying in front of the window." The second is an improvement.

⁴⁸ *Memoirs of My Dead Life*. This has an interpretation of the picture in the Louvre, which will be quoted in a future chapter."

and made her man's satellite, and Jean Baptiste's sister loses herself in the contemplation of Watteau's art.

The secret of the prose narrative of Marius, he continues to tell Pater, is its originality, its seriousness and its story of mankind rather than of a temporal human being:

"You were the first to discover in English literature that life is neither jocular nor melodramatic and in that most beautiful of all chapters, *White Nights*, your object is not to tell a mere story which when read is not worth reading a second time, but to relate the states of consciousness through which Marius passes, his hopes, fears, aspirations and dreams, his interests in common things, those that have interested and always will interest mankind, his care for the culture of the vine and olive which has a peculiar grace of its own, and might well contribute to the production of an ideal dignity of character like that of nature itself in its gifted region.⁴⁹ I wonder if you know how beautiful the page is in which those words occur. On the next page you relate that the ancient hymn *Luna Novella*⁵⁰ was still sung by the people as the new moon grew bright in the west . . . but best of all for my purpose is the passage in which you compare Marius to the young Ion in the beautiful play of Euripides, for this passage is applicable not to one man but to nearly all men."⁵¹

He then tells how he wrote to Pater the next morning and how he meditated upon the style, the inevitable word which Flaubert taught Pater, and why Pater wrote long sentences:

". . . but it was Pater's wont to include long parentheses and to continue his sentences with the aid of conjunctions, in the hope, and no vain one, of getting his prose to flow to a murmurous melody, rising and disappearing like water mysteriously. He said in the *Renaissance* that the tendency of all the arts is to aspire to the condition of music; his theory and his practice was the same, and if he had lived to hear *L'après midi d'un Faun*, he could not have done else but think that he was listening to his own prose changed into music by some sorcerer or sorceress, malign or benevolent."

Here Mr. Moore stops to tell us that Pater did not have to hunt the inevitable word, but that Flaubert was so weak in words

⁴⁹ *Marius*, p. 11.

⁵⁰ Should read *Jana Novella*.

⁵¹ *Avowals*, p. 214.

that he limited his dialog to How are you? and Good-morning; and that Pater has surpassed all French writers; that he sought the paragraph, and then the page, and then the chapter and then the relation to the book. The celebrated passage concerning the Gioconda, he says, is Pater's little concession to the public it; is the one "purple passage" which is to be regretted. He believes that men who have not painted should not express opinions about particular pictures. "It would do better for them to write about the plastic arts remotely, as Pater did about the Greek marbles, especially about those with whom they are not acquainted directly. . . ." ⁵² Then he presents his version of Botticelli which is important in the aesthetic and artistic phase of the Pater influence upon Moore and will be discussed in a later chapter.

He tells us that Pater erred in esteeming the Blenheim Madonna the perfection of Raphael, and that he had the bad taste to admire Burne-Jones. The review version of the *Avowals* contains a number of paragraphs which are of interest at this point and which are omitted in the book:

"Pater's *Renaissance* is a literary enigma, it is the only example of a man coming before the public in the perfect accomplishment of his genius. There is no flower without a root; but to what root can Pater's style be traced? This style so personal, so exclusively his own reminding us of many things it is true, but of no literary model, of a rambling ducal palace turning here and there into unexpected passages and courts, with here and there even modern terms of speech, but placed so naturally that they charm us by their strangeness, as a modern picture might, hanging amid architecture of an earlier period. In Pater the formal mingles naturally with the familiar—that is one of the charms of it, and it is difficult to trace this style back to any model because more than any other style it springs from his manner of thinking, and it is more perfect perhaps than any other style because it was the perfect expression of Pater's mind.

"At first sight it will seem to the casual critic that the omission of some of the qualifying clauses which overrun Pater's sentences would be a gain, but let him take away one and he will see how necessary are those apparent redundancies. He wishes to exhibit a mind full of wistful uncertainties, a

⁵² *Ibid.*, p. 217.

mind that slowly unwinds like soft silk, with many pauses and in a gentle twilight."⁵³

Mr. Moore remarks in passing that Pater was the only man of genius who ever had the patience to apply himself sufficiently to win a fellowship. He was not a scholar in conversation, and Mr. Moore suspects that he hated scholarship.

In the book version he insists that certain pages in the *Renaissance* are as beautiful as any Pater ever wrote, so flawless that the lack of inspiration is imperceptible, and concludes that we should write beautiful pages whether we are or are not inspired, and then comes his interesting suggestion as to Pater's style. Its antecedents he had not been able to find until he one day picked up Goethe's *Italian Journey* and found in the first sentence of the chapter entitled "St. Philip Neri" the origins of Pater's style. He pictures Pater standing on the fifth rung of a ladder taking down a book, looking into it, closing it, replacing it on the shelf, and remaining in meditation, trying to decide whether to write an article on Goethe's style or say nothing about it:

"My vision ended abruptly, which is the way of visions, and I said: how human, so human, that it must have been as I dreamt it, and picking up the book that had slipped from my knees to the floor, I continued St. Philip Neri a little further, stopping again and again to indulge myself in meditation, saying to myself: I have come upon Pater's origins, but if I make it known to the world it will be said that I have robbed Pater of part of his glory."⁵⁴

The little fantasy ends by Mr. Moore's concluding to publish his findings to the world. It is scarcely necessary to give this pretty fancy any serious thought, since it hangs upon the most supposititious premises.⁵⁵

⁵³ *Avowals*, Lippincott's Magazine 73: 168. (Also article on Pater's sentence JEGP XIX, 365.)

⁵⁴ *Avowals*, p. 222.

⁵⁵ Rolleston (Liv. Ag 307: 292) takes up this point and seems to agree with Moore.

Mr. Moore next informs us that Pater's custom of writing weekly articles upon current literature was a practice which bewildered his friends. *The Guardian*, for which Pater did most of his journalism, was a sober, Protestant paper and, though Pater was not a Christian, he liked the Protestant convention, and escaped from much fretfulness by accepting the traditional and the formal. One day he sent Pater a book to review for *The Guardian* and received sometime afterwards a note which indirectly told him that it was impossible for Pater to review such a book in *The Guardian*. Mr. Moore imagines the difficulty and embarrassment with which Pater drafted that letter because "he was no proper critic of the story I sent him, and that the object of violent acts was not clear to him."⁵⁶ The letter, which Mr. Moore has lost, was, he says, one of the most complete representations of Pater's character. Although he did not like Pater's judgment of his book, he did not argue literature with him. He was engaged at that time on *The Confessions* which he supposed would shock Pater.

However, in the earlier writing of *Avowals*, he tells us this:

"The letter he wrote me was at once grave and kind, and it reproved me a little, I think . . . but the phrase that contained his reproof was such a soft curling phrase, one of Pater's own ringlet phrases that I must perforce regret once more that I have mislaid Pater's letters and I fear beyond recovery. Saying hardly anything *he helped me to understand that the descriptions of violent incidents and abnormal states of mind do not serve the purpose of art, the purpose of art not being to astonish or perplex*. I understood from Pater's letter though it contained no explicit statement—Pater shrank from doctrine—that the object of art is to help us forget the crude, the violent and the horrible, and to lead us into a pious contemplation of certain beautiful aspects of nature."⁵⁷

Then in a few days came the letter from Pater commending, with reservations, the account of the "immoral young man". Mr. Moore is very proud of the letter, and after it is found for_L him he quotes it at length. It begins "My dear audacious

⁵⁶ *Avowals*, Lippincott's Magazine 73: 168ff.

⁵⁷ *Avowals*, Lippincott's Magazine, V. 73, p. 175.

Moore", comments upon the originality, the Aristophanic joy, the indubitable literary faculty shown, and wonders how much the author may be losing for himself despite "its gaiety and good nature and genuine sense of the beauty of many things by the cynical and therefore exclusive way of looking at the world."⁵⁸ In *Lippincott's Magazine* he adds an interesting comment to this letter saying that a young man in search of art is the subject of all Pater's writings.

The letter seems to have divided Pater and Mr. Moore, and the latter complained to Symons that Pater was too reserved,⁵⁹ whereupon Symons denied the accusation and said that Pater simply did not want to be disturbed in his meditative walks. Mr. Moore felt that his own "incurable frivolity" was a bar to a close friendship. He began to weary of Pater and even to make fun of him, though he used to meet him at dinner and in strange houses of literary peeresses; and Mr. Moore is again mystified by Pater's apparently inconsistent interest in social life.

The last great event in Moore's relations with Pater was the gracious review of his book *Modern Painting* by the master, who had now returned to Oxford, in *The Daily Chronicle*. The editor accosted him on the street and announced that he had in type a review of the book by "the greatest writer in the world", whose name he withheld, and Mr. Moore spent several days asking himself and his friends who the greatest writer in the world might be. Every morning he read *The Chronicle* without seeing the review, but at last the column appeared, and at the end appeared . . . "Walter Pater!" This review Mr. Moore looks upon as very important, not as a log-roller but as a sincere testimonial on Pater's part that his was a significant book.⁶⁰

In the later writing of this anecdote Mr. Moore qualifies this assertion by stating that Pater, knowing his disappointment at not receiving his (Pater's) friendship, wrote the review to praise him.⁶¹ Although he wrote a letter of thanks, Pater never answered and, as Moore says, "the account was closed." It is also

⁵⁸ *Avowals*, p. 227.

⁵⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 229. Wright's *Life of Walter Pater*, V. II, note 1, p. 96.

⁶⁰ *Avowals*, p. 229, *Lippincott's Magazine*, 73.

⁶¹ *Avowals*, p. 237.

gratifying to Moore that this is Pater's only signed review. He concludes his chapters upon Pater with this paragraph:

"A few months later Pater died suddenly, and I said: now I shall never know why he wrote the article about *Modern Painting*. Years went by and it was not until the other day, when looking through *The Renaissance* I came upon the celebrated passage I was guilty of condemning as unworthy—guilty of condemning, for what have I written that gives me the right to judge Pater? A greater sinner now am I than Gosse, and as a punishment for my sin I say: I'll read this passage carefully, comma by comma, semicolon by semicolon, full stop by full stop. And this thing I did, and rose from it understanding Pater as I had never understood him before. Behind the mask, I said, that he did not lift, that he could not lift, was a shy, sentimental man, all powerful in written word, impotent in life."⁶²

The *Avowals* holds the most extended discussion of Pater in Moore's works. The subsequent reminiscent criticism in *Conversations in Ebury Street* (1924) contains a few allusions to Pater which show that Mr. Moore has still been thinking of the man whom he so much admires.

Moore says of a certain book, that it lacks unity of subject and language and Freeman, with whom he is conversing, immediately reminds him that it is Pater's definition of style.⁶³ In another place⁶⁴ he says that Stevenson is getting the praise due to Pater, and later with Granville Barker as his collocutor he says:

"Ever faithful to your literary form chosen from the beginning. Even Ibsen was a transgressor; he wrote some poems. Pater! Of course there is Pater—like you, Barker, an exemplar of literary fidelity, his genius saving Marius again and again from drifting into the novel; and in *Imaginary Portraits* he is no less true to his genius, suave and punctilious."⁶⁵

We do not deem it necessary to quote here every allusion to Pater which our researches have excerpted from the books and articles. There are others which are very slight. Frequently

⁶² *Ibid.*, p. 233.

⁶³ *Conv. in Ebury St.*, New York, Boni and Liveright, 1924, p. 100.

⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 113.

⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 263.

he mentions him in conjunction with DeQuincey, Landor, Ruskin and Carlyle; at other times he quotes his thought and at other times he has made a slight criticism. We place several of these in the appended note rather than in the next.⁶⁶

Our task of setting forth the direct tributes to and criticism of Pater which Mr. Moore has paid from 1887 to the present day, a period of forty-three years, is now completed. We have found that we may be justified in analyzing his work and extracting from it, upon certain principles derived from his own discussions, the various ways in which he has been affected by the author whom he admits to be one of the most important influences upon his literary life. We believe that few major authors have given so much of their origins as he has. The numerous quotations in the foregoing pages are weighty proof that the elder author may be found in the works of the younger to a very great degree, so that the merely hypothetical, uncertain relation which it is possible to establish is transformed into a very real and evident presence of the manner, style and thought of Walter Pater in the works of George Moore.

The conclusions that we draw are to be summed up under three heads. We have tried to take the direct acknowledgments, the effect of the personal relationship, and the indirect allusions to impressions which Moore carries with him.

Under the direct statements we find that he has above all acknowledged that Pater was a fourth and final influence upon his literary life, coming at a time when he had wearied of French literature and was looking for something in English that would serve as a guide and a light.

The direct statements which describe the emotional and aesthetic phase of the Pater influence, particularly with regard to nature, are six. We shall list them in order to present them in an easily apprehended form.

⁶⁶ *Avowals*, Lippincott's Magazine, V. 72: 345.

Some Characteristics of English Fiction, by George Moore, N. A. Rev., 170: 504.

A Plea for the Soul of the Irish People, by George Moore, *Nineteenth Cen.*, V. 49: 285.

Conversations with George Moore, Geraint Goodwin, Boni, New York, 1930.

Mr. Moore and Mr. Chew, S. C. Chew, *American Mercury*, Vol. I: 39.

Real Conversations: A Conversation with George Moore, Wm. Archer, London, Heineman, 1904.

- (1) the simple and unaffected joy in the heart of natural things
 - a. the color of the open air
 - b. many forms of the country
 - c. birds flying
 - d. abandoned boat
 - e. dwarf roses and lavender
 - f. the fragrance of incense

These are details for which we may look in the fictional as well as the critical-autobiographical works; from them grows up the natural beauty which permeates the pages of George Moore.

The statements which tell us of the artistic intellectual interests, and under this we must include certain technical phases of the works, are:

1. The beauty of mildness in life
2. An interest in English prose
 - a. cadence
 - b. half-meanings
3. Avoidance of the ugly
4. That descriptions of violent states of mind do not serve the purpose of art
5. The purpose of art is not to astonish

The indirect admissions are the ones in which Mr. Moore has shown by critical remarks that certain aspects and details of Pater's works have attracted him.

1. Marius is the typical young man of all time.
2. A young man in search of art is the subject of all Pater's literary work.
3. The people of imaginary portraits are moody souls reflecting with no undue haste on aesthetic problems.
4. Pater, like Mr. Moore, is an author for the select.
5. We are always *becoming* our books (*i.e.*, *Imaginary Portraits*)
6. Pater's manner of writing here and there.
7. Mr. Moore imitates Pater's style.
8. Pater's is artificial but beautiful speech.
9. Each sentence is a work of art.
10. All the arts aspire toward music, and Pater puts this theory into practice. Prose, like murmurous melody.

11. The style is the perfect expression of Pater's mind.
12. Pater looked to the sentence, the paragraph, the page, the chapter, the book.
13. The interest in the Renaissance.
 - a. Botticelli
 - b. DaVinci
 - c. Raphael
 - d. Watteau (associated with *Imaginary Portraits*)
14. A religious interest combined with aestheticism

The personal relationship is less important in actual results. Pater never seems to have given Mr. Moore much during the conversations which the latter so eagerly sought. We doubt whether the determination toward celibacy which Pater practiced so unobtrusively and of which Mr. Moore has been so blatantly proud, was inspired by a study of its advantages symbolized in the tranquil life of the Oxford tutor, for Mr. Moore probably never felt the desire for matrimony. He was impressed by the quiet grays of the Pater *menage*, the mask of self-defense which Pater assumed; was properly pleased by the letter which Pater wrote concerning *The Confessions*; and highly elated by the review of *Modern Painting*. He hoped to learn writing from Pater, but he was not to have easy lessons, for Pater's conversational style was not that of his literary style.

We are now prepared to investigate how far Pater's thought and style have permeated the work of George Moore.

II

A MERE ACCIDENT; JOHN NORTON; MIKE FLETCHER

A Mere Accident is Mr. Moore's first tribute to Pater. *A Mummer's Wife* which came in 1885 was followed by *Literature at Nurse* in the same year, and then the author left the sordid London boarding house, the atmosphere of which he suggests so graphically in *The Confessions of a Young Man*, to spend the winter at Moore Hall with his mother while he wrote *A Drama in Muslin*. This came out in 1886, and is in most respects a story similar to other novels which he had published, being strongly permeated by the naturalistic dogmas of Zola and the school of Medan.

In all his novels Mr. Moore has had up to this time for his dominating figures those of women. Even in *A Modern Lover*, Mrs. Bentham and Lady Helen occupy the reader's attention more than Lewis Seymour does. The type of women selected, moreover, is that which offers development from the social and sexual rather than the intellectual viewpoint. The writer throws them into the whirl of love and society out of which they emerge either triumphant or annihilated. His belief is that the position of the young man in the nineteenth century is most enviable; that he has only to be passive, simultaneously being sleek, well dressed, and moderately agreeable, in order to be the target of attacks from every highly sexed woman less than sixty years of age.¹ Women quarrel for him and die for him. *A Modern Lover* (1883) was rewritten in 1917 as *Lewis Seymour and Some Women*; both titles are significant, the first probably had too much possibility of sentimentality, so that, in order to put the proper tone upon it, he changed it to the second issue.

It contains the conceited apprehension of a young man of the eighties, a young man of money and social position, who is self-assured that he is the object of all feminine desires. Lewis Seymour, the lover, the protagonist of both novels, is a poor artist

¹ *Confessions*, p. 37.

who by chance, in the shop of a picture dealer, meets a certain grass-widow, Mrs. Bentham, wealthy in her own right, and longing for the companionship of a man whom she may hold to herself by a kind of mother-benefactress-mistress bond. Lewis, whose dainty painting has no originality or promise in it, is engaged to decorate the ballroom of Mrs. Bentham's country estate. The relationship between the two changes, and they are soon lovers. In the course of a party given at Clairmont house, Lewis is introduced to the beautiful and brilliant young Lady Helen Grandeville with whom he falls in love. However, the events of the story do not permit him to press his suit at that time, and, having been paid by Mrs. Bentham, he goes to Paris to study, where his mistress at length follows him, and for a time they live together. At last when Lady Helen returns to London, the mutual admiration flames into love and the two are married. At the wedding ceremony there is quite a scene, for the back of the church is apparently filled with women who have been Lewis's light-o'-loves, models or benefactresses. One of this multitude becomes by coincidence the maid to Helen Seymour, and faints when Lewis comes into the room. This is but part of the story, for Helen, after the married life has become practical, realizes that she must be the agent for her husband and spends her days getting him commissions and influencing those in high places to elect him an academician. Within a few years all this is successfully accomplished and although she no longer loves her husband, Lady Helen "lives on the best possible terms with him."

We have made no attempt to show the revisions of this story which are to be found in the second version. Our object in giving the plot has been to show the material which attracted George Moore's attention when he returned from France to England in 1882.

The story is told with an emphasis upon the feverish atmosphere of society and position which sickens the spirit of the philosophical or natural man. There are artists and people of position running before our eyes, but they are never serene or beautiful. No scheme of life interests them; they are opportunists and grasp for gross and refined pleasures, indifferent to the quality of the pleasure or the moral and physical results. The sordid and ugly

is constantly described for us; and the book is filled with the oppressive heat of wax candles, and begrimed with the dust and soot of garret lodgings.

The mean and sordid is overpowering in the naturalistic novel *A Mummer's Wife*, where a picture of the grovelling stupidity of middle-class life and the vapid eccentricity of stage life is related with Zolaesque fidelity to unsavory detail. This book reeks of the smoke of the Midland cities and the fumes of the brandy with which Kate Ede eventually kills herself. We have the tawdry finery and spasmodic peace which for a brief period may give the mummers a brief respite. There is a kind of art being dealt with, one of the lower forms of art—acting; and a cheap sort of music is heard—the music of the operetta. What do we have in the way of character? A pretty and rather unintelligent woman leaves her husband to become the mistress of a handsome actor-manager. She leaves home because her non-conformist mother-in-law makes life a series of tear-dropping days, a vale of tears and a dull and cheerless waste in which she dare not find any pleasure, since her soul is in perdition. The plot of the story winds in and out of the usual vexations of love, jealousy, infidelity, poverty, quarrels, a child that dies soon after birth, desertion, debauchery, alcoholic addiction, temporary insanity, a steadily sinking position, cirrhosis of the liver, a final disillusionment and then, death. It is all very depressing and seems to foretell that some day George Moore will put the school of Medan to shame.

No character in the book lives with any sense of a higher existence. The people are mere bubbles in a rapidly rushing and filthy stream. But one fair vista opens before us, and that is when Kate and Dick are at the seaside. It is a mere glimpse. The people crawl like primitive worms upon a mud bank striving for food and shelter and a better place in the sun-heated slime about them. They scarcely know what they are doing, their consciousnesses are untrained and respond only to the most elemental of urges. They are dimly aware of something beyond and above, but they do not comprehend it. Instinct rather than reason directs their activities. Surely Mr. Moore has chosen proper material for his novel.

If we turn to the next novel we find that *A Drama in Muslin* which came out in 1886 shows no signs of the great impression which *Marius the Epicurean* made upon the author when he read the story in 1885. We conclude therefore that he had finished it before he began to read for recreation.

This novel has much the same atmosphere that we found in *A Modern Lover*. A mother with two daughters feels it her duty to marry them off as soon as possible—but to marry them exceedingly well. But Mrs. Barton is not without her troubles. Olive is beautiful but vapid. The most eligible man is a middle-aged Marquis, the owner of a heavily mortgaged estate, upon whom the mothers of every girl in the country lavish attention, and offer prospects of money to relieve the little nobleman of his pecuniary embarrassments. Daughters are rushed to Dublin to attend levees, parties, teas and a dozen events which will bring them into contact with the desirable gentleman. He is invited to dinner; he is offered money to marry Olive Barton; but he is shy, and in the battle of sex that ensues Mrs. Barton is worsted, for Violet Scully, the daughter of a family on a neighboring estate, carries off the prize. There are still possibilities, perhaps even grander titles to grasp at; so the mad effort goes on, every form of tactics being used in the campaigns. There are many others engaged in the same warfare, every woman is pitted against the other. It is a hunt in which the hunters are willing to destroy each other in order to capture the game.

There is Alice Barton who revolts from this ceaseless, hideous rush for a wealthy and titled husband. Her tendency is to be intellectual, and she makes a success of some writing. Then she marries a physician, a plain but excellent man whose social position is beneath hers, but who will afford her a comfortable living and sympathetic companionship. Her family, at least her mother, refuse to recognize such a marriage, even though it does offer the possibility of getting rid of a plain daughter. She goes to Notting Hill to live where Dr. Reed has purchased a good practice. Her life is drab and superficially mediocre, there being a long and detailed description of the smug, middle-class appearance of the house, whither Olive after several years of ineffective attempts to capture the proper type of man flees from her home.

The other people of this social satire smeared with the mud of realism are none too desirable. The foolish prig, Mr. Barton, is the painter who gives the artistic atmosphere, and cares about no one but himself, a selfish, weak and boneless man; Mrs. Barton, whose relations with Lord Dungory are not above reproach, has been indicated; Milord himself is next to bestial; and there are the dozens of sour, unmarried maidens sprinkled over the pages. They have slight chance of marrying and are on the verge of giving up in despair. The atmosphere of the book is charged with the electricity of mental expectations of worldliness and the insistent ugliness of most people's lives, particularly the lives of the ambitious. The revelation of course is not new. Mr. Moore is following the standard track, with the difference of making obvious the meanness of life.

A novel of London society, another of stage life, and a third of Irish country life, each showing the meaner side of life, each breathing a kind of despair—these are what Mr. Moore has to show for his work. The predominance of sex, the freedom with which he places the great subjects of life in the dull grey light of realism give indications of the unrestrained nature of his later writings. The continued pursuit of the male is found in all the volumes, and there is no striving against the normal course of nature—love and marriage—in accordance with the conventions. Mr. Moore merely desires to show us that life it is ugly and that if, the all-seeing eye of the modern man will realize this muddled vesture, the end will be acquiescence to existing conditions. Mr. Moore is making himself into the detached reporter of events, a kind of superjournalist whose art is to arrange in masses the collection of unsavory details that he has made.

No one of the novels gives evidence of a refined sense of beauty. Here and there are inlaid descriptions of evening—purple patches used to give splashes of pigment to the otherwise dun-colored picture. Taken singly or as a group the three books leave no pleasant taste in the reader's mouth. The young man fresh from the experiences of Parisian aestheticism seems to have no feeling or appreciation of the possible beauty that may be made to permeate his view of life. He has never found out for himself, nor has any-

one pointed out to him the delicate and refined life that may be constructed for the individual by taking thought, by forgetting for a time that the proportion of ugliness in the world is greater than the quantity of beauty, that society is rotten with false gods and silly aspirations, that the end of the world will be thus, and that there is no other escape from the selfishness and hypocrisy of modern civilization.

He has given over religion, having seized, as he tells us in the *Confessions*, upon the works of Shelley and Kant as the great vindications of the free spirit. He seems to have ceased in his search for an abiding and satisfying theory of life. He has read philosophies but has not had the presence of mind to draw careful conclusions from their various suggestions, and has been left in a quagmire from which he crawls to an emotional conclusion that life is to be a series of mental and physical experiences—as many as possible to be crowded in, no regard being given to quality.

At this point he made the discovery of *Marius the Epicurean*, and in it found that that something to which he had been obtuse was a very real existence. He learned that nature is benign, that philosophy may lead a man to a religious viewpoint, that religion itself is somewhat instinctive in many, that the most sensible attitude and satisfying position is that of the sympathetic listener rather than that of the callous scoffer.

The first fruit of this experience was *A Mere Accident*, which shows us Mr. Moore influenced by Walter Pater to a great degree, J. K. Huysmans to a lesser degree, and much less by the school of Medan. Mr. Moore never talks about *A Mere Accident*. He does not seem to be proud of it, and *immo veritate* it is not a very creditable piece of work. It has been rewritten as *John Norton*, *In Single Strictness*, and *Celibate Lives*. Although Mr. Moore had found a novelty and tried to apply the ideals and ideas which he had found, he was not successful in presenting life in a mode to which he was unaccustomed; nor could he write with a style equal to the material that he wished to treat.

The hero of *A Mere Accident* is a diluted *Marius the Epicurean*. Mr. Moore has decided to treat a character that is searching for beauty and to trace along a definite line of development, namely,

the religious. To this is added an aesthetic appreciation of ancient and modern art, with the result that the two elements combine to form an odd mixture.

The book opens with a description of the country home of John Norton, who like Marius has inherited a family mansion remodelled by a grandfather.² John has been living with his mother just as Marius did, and his relationship has not been of the warmest. The mother wishes her son be a country gentleman; but the son has other ideals. Unfortunately the classic Greek features of the house, and more particularly the additions which his mother has made (a billiard room of some thirty or forty feet) cause John "with his fretful craving for beauty and exactness of proportion" much anguish; and serve him as an excuse for staying away from home—for residing at his college with his beloved Latin authors. We are told that he is "a delicate nature, extravagantly ideal."³ He is hypocritical of the architecture of his home and its relations to the countryside.

Mrs. Norton whom Moore describes as a kind of elevated supervisor of the household, is characterized by a clause, "and her modernity is so picturesque", which has a surprising suggestion of some of the phraseology in *Marius the Epicurean*. A little later she peers into the landscape which is overhung by a mist "like a veil of white gauze" which appears also in *Marius*. John is strongly affected by the beauty of the religious life, that is, the actual visible beauty. It means a refuge from the ugliness of the world, and the very presence of the services, the ceremonies of the church soothe and calm him just as they do Marius, who wanders into the secret service in the house of Cecilia. John is a little too obvious in the ostentation of his "spiritual impulses in which he was so deeply concerned; the subtle refinement of sacred places, from the mystery of the great window with its mitres and crosiers to the sunlit path between the tombs where the children play, the curious yet natural charm that attendance in the sacristy had for him, the arrangement of the large oak presses wherein are stored the fine altar linen and the

² *Marius*, p. 11.

³ *A Mere Accident*, p. 10.

chalices, the distributing of the wine and water that were not for bodily need, and the wearing of the flowing surplices, the murmuring of the Latin responses that helped so wonderfully to enforce the impression of beautiful and refined life which was his, and which he lived beyond the gross influences of the wholly temporal life."⁴

This is a reflection of the intensely religious nature of Marius who was so deeply impressed by the services in the early Church. It is also a foretaste of *Gaston de la Tour* whose life did not appear until many years after, but who was in Pater's mind for some years before. There is no doubt that Pater in those slight conversations with Mr. Moore discussed or intimated his own liking for the liturgy and sensuousness of the Catholic service.

On the other hand, John is an excellent business man, keeping close watch over tenants, and being able to turn from the contemplation of a volume of drawings by Leonardo da Vinci to the most complicated business; but he is occupied chiefly with "mental problems and artistic impulses." He has, like Marius, an intense horror of death, but unlike Marius he hates life, and in finding that life is an unbearable burden he takes refuge in an invincible belief in God "which set in stormily for the pomp and opulence of Catholic ceremonial, for the solemn Gothic arch and the jewelled joy of painted panes, for the grace and the elegance and the order of hieratic life."⁵

We find echoes of Marius here. The "opulence of the Catholic service" reminds us of the phrase in Pater's volume ". . . a world almost too opulent in what was old." And the use of the word grace, a word which in all its forms has a steady attraction for Pater in phrases such as the "graces of pagan feeling"⁶. "Elegance", "order" and "hieratic" are also Paterian favorites, and by these words too Mr. Moore suggests the atmosphere of *Marius*.

John Norton's mother desires above all things to separate him from the celibate life that he is leading and to marry him, if possible, to a wealthy woman, or if not to her, to the daughter

⁴ *A Mere Accident*, p. 22.

⁵ *A Mere Accident*, p. 28.

⁶ *Marius*, p. 176 and p. 300.

of the local vicar, Mr. Hare. The first chapter of the book carries the action to an agreement between Mr. Hare and Mrs. Norton as a result of which the former goes up to Stanton College to persuade John to return home, for Christmas at least.

John, it is needless to say, has cultivated a violent aversion to marriage and prefers to live a life of celibacy. To him all women are coarse; country life is vulgar; and the typical country gentleman little better than a beast.

Mr. Hare goes up to Stanton College, which he finds in no very good architectural taste. We are treated to a long description of the interior of the college, the entrance hall of which has a "mock air of hieratic dignity." John Norton is described, when he enters the room, as a thin young man with a very Roman profile whose "bumps" indicate "a mind timid, fearing, and doubting, such a one as would seek support in mysticism and dogma, that would rise instantly to a certain point, but to drop as suddenly as if sickened by the too intense light of the cold pure heaven of reason to the gloom of the sanctuary and the consolations of faith."⁷ He is extremely susceptible to light and shade, for this young man of "sacerdotal elegance" says upon greeting Mr. Hare:

"But you have never been here before; this is the first time you have ever seen our college. And seeing it as it now is, you would not believe all the delightful detail that a ray of sunlight awakens in that hideous brown monotony, soaked with rain and bedimmed with mist."⁸

We are reminded that Marius was "constitutionally susceptible" to light and shade and that he "recorded the changing color in the quiet of a room that has but light and shadow in it."⁹

John Norton and Mr. Hare discuss the relative merits of life in its various manifestations, and John heaps tirade upon tirade against the ugliness of common life, and winds up finally, by declaring:

⁷ *A Mere Accident*, pp. 49-50.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 51.

⁹ *Marius*, p. 347.

"In Greek and Roman life there was an ideal, and there was a great ideal in the monastic life of the Middle Ages, but an ideal is wholly wanting in nineteenth century life. I am not of these later days. I am striving to come to terms with life."¹⁰

Marius had an ideal of life which he found in a philosophy of Cyrenaicism; his objective was "a general completeness of life" as expressed in the chapter entitled *Animalula Vagula*.

Mr. Hare reminds him that folding vestments and reviling humanity is not the Christian life, and John refuses to argue upon that basis. He is not Christian in spirit, he is an aesthete, —a religious aesthete—if you will. He is striving for a philosophy of life which uses religion as an adjunct. John takes Mr. Hare through the college, explaining as he does all the artistic details both good and bad. They go into the chapel, where John shows the stained glass windows which he presented, and explains the order in which the inmates of the college take part in the ceremonials.

He speaks of how the maid-servants, who are permitted to kneel in the corner, jar a beautiful impression—"the altar towering white with wax candles, the benedictive odour of incense, the richness of the vestments, the feeble voices of the boys floating and the sweetness of a long day spent about the sanctuary with flowers and chalices in my hands . . . "

All this comes from the Marius who was so fond of these exquisite images and refined pleasures. It is an impression, a sensation carried to the mind through the eye. John tells how the lads of sixteen, handsome boys, are always chosen for acolytes, and we remember that the youths in the temple of health are beautiful and that the deacons in the early church are handsome to Marius' eye.¹¹ John is censer and chief sacristan, having charge of the plate, linen and vestments; and the organ is discussed, John's setting of St. Ambrosius' hymn is played; and eventually they pass into the sacristy, where John opens "the great oaken presses smelling sweet and benignly of orris root and lavender," unfolds the jewelled embroideries, smooths out

¹⁰ *A Mere Accident*, p. 58.

¹¹ *Marius*, p. 22 and p. 311.

the fine linen, explains the gold vestments, considers crosses, candlesticks, chalices and albs, and contrasts the "grace and comeliness of Catholic ceremonial" with the stiffness and materialism of the Protestant service. The words "grace" and "comeliness" are especially reminiscent of Pater. They too are given in various forms; we have "a comely thing",¹² the religion of Numa is "staid, ideal and comely." The very rhythm of the sentence is Paterian, by its length, the qualifying clauses and the suggestiveness of the diction.

The two men pass from the sacristy into the boys' library where John explains that all books that deal with sensual passion are barred. Stevenson is mentioned as a charming writer with a pleasant souvenir of Poe running through his books. Mr. Hare asks him whether he himself enjoys Stevenson but he says:

"Oh no; I have just glanced at him: for my own reading I can admit none who does not write in the first instance for scholars and then to scholarly instincts in readers generally. Here is Walter Pater. We have his *Renaissance*; studies in art and poetry—I gave it myself to the Library. We were so sorry we could not include that most beautiful book, *Marius the Epicurean*. We have some young men here of twenty and three and twenty, and it would be delightful to see them reading it, so exquisite is its hopeful idealism; but we were obliged to bar it on account of the story of Psyche, sweetly though it be told and sweetly though it be removed from all taint of realistic suggestion. Do you know the book?"

"I can't say I do."

"Then read it at once. It is a breath of delicious fragrance blown back to us from the antique world; nothing is lost or faded, the bloom of that glad bright world is upon every page; the wide temples, the lustral water—the youths apportioned out for divine service, and already happy with a sense of dedication, the altars gay with garlands of wool and the more sumptuous sort of flowers, the colour of the open air with the scent of the bean fields mingling with the cloud of incense."¹³

The very theory of Pater's writing is expressed in the first few lines of the quotation and we find that Pater himself has transliterated it in the essay on Style in the volume *Appreciations*.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 217.

¹³ *A Mere Accident*, p. 66.

The adjectives "delightful" and "exquisite" are reminiscent of Pater; and "hopeful idealism" comes from *Marius* "something of an idealist." The "wide temples" come from the Temple of Aesculapius. The "youths apportioned out for divine service" come from the incident in which the youths in the temple of Aesculapius are appointed to the services; or it may be that the author is mindful of the scene in the first chapter where the gods are carried in their house "on the shoulders of white clad youths." This is probably the immediate origin of the image for what succeeds is suggestive of the remainder of the paragraph in *Marius*. The "sense of dedication" is found in the next chapter,¹⁴ and in the same sentence is Marius spoken of as having "a boyish ideal of priesthood" which is quite as expressive of John Norton, for the entire story of John Norton is the tale of a struggle between the life of the world and the life of the religious, an ideal which Mr. Moore never placed in any of his previous books. He has made John Norton a second Marius, and a very bad imitation of the original. John is the aesthete without the philosophic good sense that is granted to Marius. The ideal of a general completeness of life has been forgotten in the attempt to do away with what is ugly and sensual.

The remainder of the paragraph may be traced to other phrases in *Marius*: "the altars gay with garlands of wool and the more sumptuous sort of flowers" is in *Marius* "the altars were gay with garlands of wool and the more sumptuous sort of blossom and green buds."¹⁵ "The scent of the bean fields mingling with the clouds of incense" is a transcription of "and the scent of the bean fields mingled pleasantly with the cloud of incense" in *Marius*.¹⁶ Mr. Moore has either had Pater's book before him as he wrote, or has been so impressed by this procession of imagery that he has made a mosaic of it in his pages and pays an unsurpassable though indirect tribute to Pater when he can find no more beautiful language than that which Pater himself used. The characteristics of this series of excerpts is their appeal to the senses and their ideality.

¹⁴ *Marius*, p. 20.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 4.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 5.

Mr. Hare in reply to all this word painting says in surprise:

"But I thought that you denied any value to the external world, that the spirit alone was worth considering."

"The antique world knew how to idealize, and if they delighted in the outward form, they did not leave it gross and vile as we do when we touch it; they raised it; they invested it with a sense of aloofness we know not of; flesh or spirit, idealize one or both, and I will accept it. But you do not know the book. You must read it. Never did I read with such rapture of being, of growing to spiritual birth. It seemed to me that I for the first time was made known to myself; and for the first time the false veil of my grosser nature was withdrawn, and I looked into the true ethereal eyes, pale as wan water and sunset skies, of my higher self. Marius was to me an awakening; the rapture of knowledge came upon me that even our temporal life might be beautiful; that in a word it was possible to come to terms with life . . . You must read it. For instance can anyone conceive anything more perfectly beautiful than the death of Flavian, and all that youthful companionship, and Marius' admiration for his friend's poetry . . . that delightful language of the third century—a new Latin, a season of dependency, an Indian summer full of strange and varied cadences, so different from the monotonous sing-song of the Augustan age, the school of which Fronto was the head. Indeed it was Pater's book that first suggested to me the idea of the book that I am writing . . ."¹⁷

This is John Norton's exposition of the impression that Pater made upon him. At the same time it is Mr. Moore's declaration of the effect that Marius had upon himself. It is not necessary that he should have been so deeply moved by the gentle beauty of the book to put into practice the ideals which he read therein, but the significant element for us is his basic comprehension of some of the details of the book. His understanding is not complete, but he does realize a number of important characteristics of the work. John Norton is perhaps more pagan than Christian. In that respect he is more like Moore or Pater than Marius, who was an *anima naturaliter Christiana* and who virtually gave his life that another might live. It was likewise an act of quiet heroism modeled upon the action of that One concerning Whom Marius had learned but a short time before.

¹⁷ *A Mere Accident*, p. 66.

Pater has shown us how gracefully and easily the customs and rites of pagan religion and civilization passed into the fabric and ritual of the new Christian religion, and how the better elements of pagan thought were closely akin to the earlier indwelling spirit of Christianity as a doctrine of happiness and light. This has impressed John Norton and has opened his eyes to the vaster possibilities of an idealized life which made beautiful the most common and daily acts, the idealization of which John spoke of so fervently. The idea is summed up in such a sentence as this:

" . . . And those simple gifts, like other objects as trivial—bread, oil, wine, milk—had regained for him by their use in such religious service that poetic and as it were moral significance, which surely belongs to all the means of daily life, could we break through the veil of our familiarity with things by no means vulgar in themselves."¹⁸

John in reading this with such rapture simply echoes the feeling of joy that Mr. Moore tells us in the *Confessions* was his.

And it also found in the passage which describes the effect of the Golden Book upon Marius:

"It made him in that visionary reception of everyday life, the seer, more especially, of a revelation in color, and form. If our modern education in its better efforts, really conveys to any of us that kind of idealizing power, it does so (through dealing mainly, as its professed instruments, with the most select and ideal remains of ancient literature) oftenest by truant reading . . ."¹⁹

Although John Norton had been a careful student of beauty after his own fashion, his vision of the world had been thoroughly medieval and sour. The spirit had been all-important and only the ecclesiastical beauty of the world had appealed to him as being the safest and truest beauty. He was not satisfied; there was a something undefined and unfathomed which worked upon his spirit and made him unhappy. *Marius the Epicurean* was

¹⁸ *Marius*, p. 8.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 44.

an expression for him, and he found that actual life itself could be made a kind of religion of beauty in which all charming sensuous impression idealized the object which caused it.

The story of Flavian has impressed Mr. Moore, and he reminds us in several places that Flavian is a character while Marius is an image of all young men. The third century Latin, the Latin of the silver age and the decadence is much spoken of in *Marius the Epicurean*. Cornelius Fronto is made one of the characters in a chapter, and discussions of "strange and varied cadences" are found throughout the book. In a letter quoted in a prior page of *A Mere Accident* we have even a longer discussion of the school of Fronto:

"It was in vain that Latin literature sought to maintain its position by harking back to the writers anterior to Cicero, those that Hellenism had not touched, and presenting them as models of style; and thus a new school very fain of antiquity had sprung up, with Fronto for its acknowledged chief—a school preoccupied above all things with form; obsolete words set in a new setting, modern words introduced into old cadences to freshen them with a bright and delightful varnish, in a word a language full of dim idea and evanescent music—a sort of Indian summer, a season of dependency that looked back on the splendours of Augustan yesterday—an autumn forest."

Pater writes of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius in the chapter entitled the "Golden Book":

"And the inside was something not less dainty and fine, full of archaism and curious felicities in which that generation delighted, quaint terms and images picked fresh from early dramatists And at least his success was unmistakable as to the precise literary effect he had intended, including a certain tincture of 'neology' in expression *non nihil interdum elocutione novella parvum signatum*—in the language of Cornelius Fronto, the contemporary prince of rhetoricians."²⁰

Flavian is the character who is so deeply affected by the new literary school, the group which was to revive the spirit of the tongue. He finds in it the means of making himself famous, of "getting on in the world":

²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 46.

"To be forcibly impressed, in the first place; and in the next, to find means of making visible to others that which was vividly apparent, of lively interest to himself, to the exclusion of all that was but middling, tame, or only half-tame, even to him—this scrupulousness of literary art actually awoke in Flavian for the first time a sort of chivalrous conscience. What a care for style! What patience of execution! What research for the significant tones of ancient idiom—*sonantia verba et antiqua* In the refinements of the curious spirit in its horror of profanities, its fastidious sense of a correctness in external form"²¹

These passages show where Mr. Moore has obtained many of his thoughts for John Norton's letter. The passages are not precisely parallel but the influence is obvious. Many other words which appear frequently in Pater and suggest the pleasant sensuousness of the book: "cadences," "bright and delightful", "dim idea and evanescent music" are of the group of words which are used with such effect in the pages of Pater's books.

The two men proceed to John's room after this discourse, where they find the signs of a very carefully cultivated taste in furnishings, a strange combination of antiquity and modernity partaking by analogy of the character of the language which John has just been praising. In the same room are to be found a table of early German design, a gold screen, a canonical chair and a modern café table which is simply a marble slab laid upon an iron frame, but which is so designed that it does not offend John's eye.

John's attention to the Latin of the Middle Ages has come through Walter Pater who has given him an intellectual and scholarly interest in this later manifestation of the literature. There is much explanation of certain medieval authors, poets, prose writers and others, Milo, Walafrid Strabo, who "could weave a garland of grace and beauty".²² With all the enthusiasm of a specialist the young aesthete tries to show Mr. Hare the decadent beauty of this unclassical Latin, admitting however that there were some deficiencies which would have to be overlooked.

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 79ff.

²² *A Mere Accident*, p. 70.

The next interest is in the many modern pictures which decorate the rooms. They, painted by the modern French group, Manet, Monet and Degas, and are evidences of Mr. Moore's late associations. John explains these at great length to Mr. Hare. The furniture is apparently intended for decorative effect and not for comfort, and John insists, not without justification, that the condition of Victorian upholstery, or stuffing, is vicious.

John's private library is scrutinized. The collection consists of a large group of Latin medievalists, many of whose names are unknown to Mr. Hare, as well as many standard modern authors and many, who at that time were novelties in both French and English.

John gives an outline of his book which is to prove that medieval Latin was an excellent language quite adequate for church, state and the commonalty. Then follows a lengthy argument for the superiority of certain monkish authors who do not have any association with the purpose of this study.²³

At last when John has run down, Mr. Hare tries to persuade him to return to his mother, to marry and to settle down. Finally John replies:

"I don't think I could live with a woman; there is something very degrading, something very gross in such relations. There is a better and a purer life to lead . . . an inner life, coloured and permeated with feelings and tones that are, oh, how intensely our own, and he who may have this life, shrinks from any adventitious presence that might jar or destroy it. To keep one's self unspotted, to feel conscious of no sense of stain, to know, yes to hear the heart repeat that this self,—hands, face, mouth and skin is free from all befouling touch, is all one's own. I have always been strongly attracted to the color white, and I can so well and so acutely understand the legend that tells that the ermine dies of gentle loathing of its ownself, should a stain come upon its immaculate fur . . . I should not say a legend, for that implies that the story is untrue, and it is not untrue—so beautiful a thought could not be untrue."

John's chastity is a very much-played-up feature of the book.

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 88ff.

The celibacy which he takes upon himself is more of a youthful pose. Mr. Moore has modelled him after Marius in this respect, but he has failed in making his surpassingly intellectual and aesthetic young man as profound a character as Marius. The "young man in search of art" has the taint of being an unconscious poseur. Innately he may have the springs of the consciousness of beauty, but unlike Marius his character is not developed out of these by a steady and silent deposit of impressions and sensations arranged in the mind with regard to form and proportion. Chastity which is a normal and natural development in Marius is the result of a preoccupation with the principles and order of life, a life maintained in an atmosphere of philosophical theory. It is a part of that asceticism and restraint which Marius finds is the other half of his philosophy. This is Marius' thought upon chastity:

"Chastity—as he seemed to understand it—the chastity of men and women, amid all conditions, and with the results proper to such chastity, is the most beautiful thing in the world and the truest conservation of that creative energy by which men and women were first brought into it."

This is quite a contrast to the strong revulsion that John Norton feels toward the idea of marriage. He is vehement, impassioned, uncontrolled by the philosophic calm that makes Marius' existence like a silver sphere. John Norton is egotistical in his scheme of life—he regards the effect upon outsiders rather than the perfection of his own life. He must speak of himself, just as George Moore must speak of himself, and he has an ideal of life which has no place for sympathy, and little understanding. His inner life is coloured with feelings and thoughts which he has learned from Marius, who, Pater tells us, lived chiefly in his own imagination. He wishes to keep himself unspotted, but he shouts his desire from the housetops. He is but a pale shadow of the richly constituted Marius, and the physical sense of stain which he would feel if he had brought himself in contact with the opposite sex, is never intimated in the thought and conduct of Marius. Moore works by negatives; Pater produces his effects by positives. Pater intimates, illustrates the

aesthetic charm of the old Greek morality; Moore shows, suggests and delineates the ugliness of sex.

John Norton ventures to Thornby Place for the Christmas season, commenting as he enters the house upon its bad taste and the incongruity with the landscape. He is even annoyed by his mother's affection; he dislikes her kisses. His delicate spirit is almost immediately upset with the arguments his mother presents to persuade him to sleep on a feather bed. Then when Mrs. Norton suggests that she and her son pay a round of visits, John declares that they will do nothing of the kind, that he must get on with his book, he must finish his study of St. Augustine and read Anglo-Latin literature. The result is a quarrel.

Kitty, Mr. Hare's daughter, and the wife whom Mrs. Norton has in prospect for John, is a picture of charming girlhood, quite innocent of the schemes of her elders. John is aware of this and is really pleased by her naïveté; he is surprisingly agreeable to her. But he misses the "hierarchy" of the college table; he misses his "ascetic" bed, the Christ upon his wall, and the great rosary; nor can he free his mind of the distasteful feminine influences of the day.

The time passes while John attends to the business of the estate and reads his Latin authors:

"To do so he drew his chair close to the library fire, and when Kitty came quickly into the room with a flutter of skirts and a sound of laughter, he awoke from contemplation, and her singing as she ascended the stairs jarred the dreams of cloister and choir which mounted from the pages to his brain in clear and intoxicating rhapsody."²⁴

The next torture that he must endure is the hunt breakfast which has been held annually in November at Thornby Place. It is a day of torture for John and he takes a bad cold, which keeps him in bed a month. During his illness he is delirious, and his language is quite profane and blasphemous. Upon coming out of the delirium and learning of the bad words he has used, he is struck with contrition and remorse. He meditates upon his

²⁴ *A Mere Accident*, p. 119.

life and how close he had stood to the verge of death with blasphemies on his tongue. He is frightened; he prays.

"Then seeing Christ and His white million of youths, beautiful singing saints, gold curls and gold aureoles, lifted throats and form of harp and dulcimer, he fell prone in great bitterness on the misery of earthly life . . . the winds of folly and desolation howl about us; the sorrows of happiness are the worst to bear, and the wise soon learn that there is nothing to dream of but the end of desire. God is the one ideal, the church the one shelter from the misery and manners of life. Peace is inherent in lofty arches, rapture in painted panes. See the mitres and crosiers, the blood-stained heavenly breasts, the loin-linen hanging over orbs of light. Listen all! the voices of chanting boys, and out of the cloud of incense come Latin terminations, and the organ is still swelling."

This is the reproduction of the Marius who finds himself in the early Christian church, the man who has developed his senses so keenly that any manifestation of beauty whether religious or secular is good to him. He is the man preoccupied with form. John enjoys the form of the harp and dulcimer, as Marius enjoys the form of the altar in the subterranean church. Like Marius's, his religion is to be expressed in an outward beauty as well as an inward peace. It is a religion made up first of all of youths, and carried forward by youths. John like Marius wishes to end desire, and with it regret. Marius, of course, has a different approach to such a conclusion and Pater has expressed his reasoning with that refined thinking which Mr. Moore has never quite attained.

"And so the abstract apprehension that the little point of this present moment alone really is, between a past which has just ceased to be and a future which may never come, became practical with Marius under the form of a resolve, as far as possible, to exclude regret and desire, and yield himself as far as possible to the improvement of the present."²⁵

But John Norton is scarcely as well founded upon the intellectual basis of life as Marius. His religious background is emotional, his serenity is marred by his being obliged to contest

²⁵ *Marius*, p. 114.

his wishes with his mother, and his passion has been increased by opposition. He finds in the struggle with life that the only peace is in the church, the aesthetic peace which his soul craves. We are reminded how the "natural soul of worship" in Marius is satisfied as never before while he watches the early happy ritual of the Mass, hears the singing of the hymns, and sees the young deacons carry away the remnants of the feast.

Apparently John Norton had been reading Schopenhauer from whom he had received no shocks; but his chief upsets had come from the associations of classical art and life.

" . . . Hellenism, Greek culture and ideal, academic groves; young disciples, Plato and Socrates, the august nakedness of the Gods even equal or almost equal, in his mind to the lacerated bodies of meagre saints; and his heart wavered between the temple of simple lines and a cathedral of a thousand arches. Once there had been a sharp struggle, but Christ not Apollo had been the victor . . . " ²⁶

This paganism, which is undoubtedly a strong element in John Norton's character, despite the influence of the church, comes to him as a strange feature of life, whereas Christianity comes to Marius as the satisfying novelty. When he reads *Marius*, he finds that reconciliation with the physical world which was the best part of pagan philosophy, and whereas he had once feared the mere form and sensuousness of things, he now combines paganism and Christianity, but in such a way that the form of the first is superimposed upon the thought and feeling of the second. And this is just what happens in *Marius the Epicurean*; for the Christianity which developed in Rome took on many of the customs and rites of the world which it found, and used them in its own services. Mysticism saves John from a plain paganism, just as it saves Marius from the poorer strands of his mental and spiritual atmosphere: and John has too that natural soul of worship which clings to the art of the Gothic cathedral, the ecstasies of incense and the charms of the Gregorian chant. He decides to become a priest and he dreams away the "sweet hours" which "like a fountain flowing amid a summer of leaves

²⁶ *A Mere Accident*, p. 134.

and song" come "with quiet and melodious murmur",—just like many similes in *Marius the Epicurean*. He dreams of incense, palms, the whiteness of the choir, Latin terminations, the holy oil, "the glory of symbol and chant."²⁷

So he goes off to college, when he has regained his health, and leaves his mother to her sorrows, and Kitty somewhat bewildered. To their surprise he returns after a month of absence, to announce that he has left the Jesuits at Stanton, because they are too worldly, and has fallen in with the Carmelites who, he believes, keep up the monastic ideal. The chapel at Kensington has the atmosphere and the "lofty charm of the Middle Ages." There he sees the long, straight folds of habits falling over sandalled feet, inhales the smell of burning wax, is lost in ecstasy upon hearing the *Vexilla Regis* sung amid incense and organ music. The final blow comes when he announces his intention of remodeling Thornby Abbey into a Gothic monastery.

The days which ensue are occupied with the long discussions of how the place may be made over. Kitty is overwhelmed with the details of turrets and capitals, pointed arches, flying buttresses, mullions, tracery—all the grammar of architecture. However, the architect who comes from London, while commending John's architectural skill, declares the whole scheme to be impracticable. Nevertheless John's days are taken up with his schemes for the change, even to the exclusion of his Latin authors. But in this struggle with an impossibility John is influenced by Kitty's sweet presence, and with his hopes of monasticism being stopped at least temporarily, he is more inclined to think of matrimony. Kitty begins to appeal to him and he realizes that he actually takes pleasure in her company. Then he fears that his association with her will lead to the coarseness of marriage, to children, to general domesticity; and he contrasts with this:

"The dignified and grave life of the cloister, the constant sensation of lofty and elevating thought, a high ideal, the communion of learned men, the charm of leadership."²⁸

²⁷ *A Mere Accident*, p. 138.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 174.

The language of this expression is that which we found repeatedly in *Marius*. The adjectives "dignified", "grave", the nouns "sensation", "ideal", "charm" may be found in Pater's novel—the "graver lines" on Marius's face, for instance.

Then at last one morning John falls completely in love with Kitty and becomes another man. He is "mingled with the colour of the fields and sky; with the life of the flowers; with the joy of the birds that flew out of and nestled with amorous wings in the gold." We are reminded again of the impression that *Marius* made upon George Moore and John Norton, that of the color of the open air, the scents and sounds and the delicate beauty of mild life.

It would be well to remark here that there is a prominent use of yellow in this novel. This does not occur in the previous novels of George Moore and we strongly suspect that his liking of the color was intensified by the suggestive, effective, but restrained use of it in *Marius the Epicurean*. We read there of the "yellowing marbles of the old villa", "the yellow bridal veil" of Psyche, "yellow walls", "yellow and red rose of Carthage", and the natural corollary of yellow gold, is mentioned many times. If the color is not given it is subtly suggested by the sunlight and the daffodils. Pater with the utmost judgment and skill has suggested, rather than daubed on his colour. Mr. Moore, on the other hand, with the clumsiness of the novice has "laid it on thick."

Thornby Place is yellow; there is plenty of golden sunlight; and in one paragraph every shade of the color is used.

"The meadows are yellow with buttercups, and birds fly out of the gold. And the golden note is prolonged through the pleasure grounds by the pale yellow of the laburniums, by the great yellow of the berberis, by the cadmium yellow of the gorse, by the golden wall flowers growing amid rhododendrons and laurels."²⁹

There are also "pale yellow pansies" and "blossoming gold".

John observes that the day is all light and color and that Kitty with her white dress and sunlight in her hair is like a flower.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 176.

There is plenty of light and color, and the possibilities of love are great. He pays her a compliment and then runs away feeling that carnal desire has overwhelmed his inner life, "so strangely personal and pure" and all its "mystery and inner grace and the perfect possession, which was his sanctuary", is "lost to him forever for he could never quite forget the defiling thought; it would always remain with him, and the consciousness of the stain would preclude all possibility of the refining happiness, that attribute of cleanliness, which he now knew had long been his."

This of course is very much like all that has gone before. Marius' interest in mental and bodily sanity and his "bent on living in that full stream of refined sensation. And in the prosecution of this love of beauty, he claims an entire personal liberty of heart and mind, liberty, above all from what may seem conventional answers to first questions"³⁰ is reflected in this passage, modified to suit Mr. Moore's temperament.

A great mental struggle follows. There is great self-argument upon, and prevision of, the vulgarity of domesticity. He sees his ancient ideals, the cathedrals, the incense and the boys' choirs dissolve before the desire which suddenly reveals itself to him "in the light of a more gracious vision" to bring Kitty into the fold of the Church; and "the lighter colours and live in joys of the conversion of others filled the sky of faith with morning tones and harmonies", all of which is a figure that Pater might have used with certain reservations.

Then he has another vision of the glory of bringing Kitty as his wife into the true church.

Amid allusions to the "exquisite clarity of the English morning", "the blue of the evening", John's "hieratic dignity" and the healthy freedom of Kitty's mind, the courtship progresses, until finally John asks her to marry him, and is accepted somewhat flippantly, one must admit. The days float happily on toward the marriage, John seeing his honeymoon "in a haze of Botticellis, cardinals and chants." The Botticellis have been picked out of the *Renaissance*, for Mr. Moore has told us how excellent the essay on that painter is.

³⁰ *Marius the Epicurean*, p. 220.

Eventually Kitty is violated by a tramp; her mind is affected; she has a horrid vision of being pursued by a snake, which is probably borrowed from the hint in the third chapter of *Marius* where the youth is annoyed by the "great sallow snake" during his first night at the health resort. Eventually she kills herself, in a moment of insanity, by jumping from a second-story window. And Mr. Moore writes in the very same style that he uses to imitate Pater.³¹

"And the pity of it! The poor white thing lying like a shot dove, bleeding, and the dreadful blood flowing over the red tiles . . ."

This is but another instance, and a slightly concealed one, of Mr. Moore being influenced by Pater. He catches occasionally the suffering of things that Pater calls to our attention, that suffering under a beautiful exterior. Mr. Moore is not philosophically interested in this phase of art, but he has at least caught the beauty of the subject and has transcribed the tone and rhythm of Pater's feeling for the hurt creature.

John Norton is quite overcome by the catastrophe and, in the midst of the pain and passion he sincerely feels, he regrets that he ever left "his life of prayer and contemplation to enter into that of desire." Marius too realizes how these human relationships and desires disturb the serenity and calm happiness of life, and therefore he banishes them for his psychology. Kitty looks like "a sad dream carved in the whitest marble," as she lies on her bier; and she is interred amid many flowers. After the funeral John goes to Brighton and wanders to the end of the pier where he contemplates the future, weighing a life of solitude against the life of the world. He concludes that the colour and form of religious life enhance and affirm the sensations of ideas and God (sensations and ideas being two words in the subtitle of *Marius the Epicurean*) and that the preservation of the personal life with its sanctuary-like intensity is impossible.

He waves away all thought of priesthood, and walking quickly down the pier, looking on the gay panorama of town and beach, he says, "the world shall be my monastery."

³¹ Cf. Chap. I, p. 18.

In the volume entitled *Celibates* (1895) Mr. Moore republished his story of John Norton, with the omission of nearly all the parts which we have pointed out as being distinctly influenced by Pater. The revision of the actual writing which remains is very slight. He has found it logical to "tone down" the colour of the book. The emphasis of yellow is not so great; and there is considerably more Wagner. In one place there is indeed a reminiscence of Pater that is not to be found in the original story. It is the thought that John has for Kitty.

"And her pale marmoreal eyes were haunted by a yearning look which he had always loved, and which he had hitherto only found in some beautiful relics of antiquity. She seemed to him purged as a Greek statue of all life's grossness; and as the women of Botticelli and Mantegna, she seemed to him to live in a long afternoon of unchanging aspiration."³²

Pater had published his *Greek Studies* in 1894, and in them he had called to the attention of the English-speaking world the "sexless beauty" of Greek sculpture; and we have already noted the relationship to Botticelli. The last clause of the sentence is especially suggestive of Pater, who gives us the sense of "long afternoons and unchanging aspiration," in many places.

The ending of the condensation differs from the original because John in it determines to turn Thornby Place into Thornby Abbey, and live there as a monk.

Mike Fletcher, which appeared in 1889, has some of the further adventures of John Norton. We find him living in the Temple putting into practice "his aphorism": "Let the world be my monastery." He has become an observer of life. He seeks not so much the experience of strange pleasures as the opportunity to observe the effects of those pleasures upon others. He attends balls, parties and debauches, and passes like a ghost among the revellers. We see him in his room, sitting, wrapped in a long dressing gown, in his canonical chair. He is characterized by Harding as a pessimist, a Catholic, a ritualist, and a misogynist, all of which attributes are very fascinating.

³² *Celibates*, p. 396.

John invites the hero of this novel to visit him at Thornby where we find that all has been changed. (John, by the way, tires eventually of the ugliness of city life and retires again to the country.) The place has been transformed into a Gothic monastery from which float the tones of an organ. And that is almost the last picture of John that we have—a gloomy, monkish figure playing medieval hymns.

A Mere Accident is not a mere imitation. Had Mr. Moore determined to reproduce a picture of *Marius the Epicurean* he would not have written the story as he did. It is probable that he would have made his novel historical. His individuality is too strong to allow his becoming a plagiarist. He wrote the novel as a result of the first enthusiasm for Pater's book and for his association with Pater. John Norton is only partially a Marius, for Mr. Moore had scarcely the intellectual background to create a character which would fit into Pater's mold. As a religious aesthete he resembles the Roman; his innate love of beauty, his longing for a selected life, and his general breadth and intellectual acceptance of ancient and modern doctrines, schools of thought and art are of *Marius the Epicurean*. But his vehement dislike of women, his tendency to limit himself to religious life, and his frequent moral-emotional reactions are not of the Epicurean.

Mr. Moore has used the book as a means of giving his first praise to Pater. He has also tried to write like Pater both in sentence structure and idea. There is a prevailing atmosphere of sunshine and incense, and in places he has approached the "blandness" which so characterizes Pater's work.

III

NATURE

Mr. Moore's enthusiasm for Pater has found no other long expression in a novel since the publication of *A Mere Accident*. This outburst of appreciation seems to have met with a cold reception, and we are wondering whether the volume which Pater so courteously refused to review may not have been this very book with its all-too-plain imitations and not altogether tasteful praise. We are reminded that the friendship broke off within a year or two after the rebuking epistle and was not even revived when the much-valued review of *Modern Painting* came out in the "Chronicle." *A Mere Accident* is the most violent book, and the book most likely to offend Pater, and it is the book concerning which Mr. Moore is silent on these later days. It is possible to draw a fairly correct conclusion, which seems to be necessary, in view of the fact that Mr. Moore refuses to favor us with any opinion concerning it.¹ It is also the only fiction that he published between *A Drama in Muslin* and *Spring Days*; and it came before the publication of *The Confessions of a Young Man*.

Having experimented with this kind of writing and having failed completely, Mr. Moore turned to politics and autobiography, and then to naturalistic fiction again. In a letter to the Marchioness Lanza he declared that he was imitating Jane Austen in *Spring Days*,² which statement may or may not be true. The atmosphere and increasing number of ugly details in the book do not mark it as of the category of Austen novels. If he was imitating or trying to treat the same subjects that Jane Austen used, he was doing with them as the impressionists, neo-impressionists and post-impressionists were doing with the same

¹ In a letter to the author of this study, Mr. Moore declines to enter into a discussion of the book.

² "My Friendship with George Moore," Marquise Clara Lanza. *The Bookman* 47: 480 (1918). Mr. G. F. Singer possesses one of the letters mentioned in this account.

materials used by the Renaissance artists, treating them in a new and perhaps not aesthetically pleasing way.

On the other hand, if he could write in *The Confessions of a Young Man*, published in the same year (1888) in which *Spring Days* came out, that Pater was the fourth great influence upon his life, he could not have forgotten the elements that Pater had taught him. He must still be observant of nature and the beauty of natural objects, merely as form and color; for Pater in his use of nature never imbued it with a living omnipresent spirit, either malevolent or benevolent, which so many authors desire to force upon it. Nature is reduced to a serene and exquisite pageant of form and color. The outline of the hills, the shadows in the valleys, the ray of sunlight falling into the room, the grove of trees, the purple violet mists of evening, and the many other effects of natural combinations are simply and innocently a series of sensuous impressions, a provision of exquisite sensations to be brought into our lives merely for their appeal to the eye. In art alone dwells the informing spirit of human intelligence, and through the statue, the painting, the music, the architecture of a people, the secret of the soul revealed. No spirit of creation, no demon of destruction, and no insidious ghost spoil the enjoyment of the great tree, or the rosebud at which Marius happens to be looking. The healthy, sober and philosophic mind of the young Epicurean rises above and spurns the grossness of common superstition.

To him comes the supreme knowledge that the human mind is after all the superior culmination of consciousness, as far as we know, and that he has only to adjust his reasoning and values to an appreciation of the various important and less important phases of the space of consciousness that he calls life.

This quantitative and qualitative analysis has led him to a belief that nature is meaningless and without direct significance or bearing upon his conduct. Although he has in him what Pater calls the "natural soul of worship", it does not take the form of an abject reverence of those spirits which the religion of Numa sought to propitiate, but finds a sympathetic expression in the early Christian ritual, which represents to him a supreme kind of humanism.

Mr. Moore has been impressed, as we have pointed out, by this relationship to nature, and he has taken concrete examples from *Marius* such, as the color of the open air, birds flying, the abandoned boat, dwarf roses and lavender. True, these qualities are emphasized in *A Mere Accident*, but the religious and anti-matrimonial elements overshadow them. Sunshine, flowers, and landscapes are described and given a proper place in the book, but not with such a sense of form and color as we find in Pater. The praise which Norton gives to the book does not contain the phrase about the "joy in the heart of natural things" with which Mr. Moore sums up his evaluation of the "natural things" that he finds in Pater.

This "joy in the heart of natural things" is a somewhat vague phrase and permits a number of interpretations. At first one may assume that the author meant the joy of natural things—thereby making the "natural things" conscious creatures, an answer which would be impossible if *Marius* had been read aright. A reconsideration of this point brings us to the conclusion that the "joy" in question is the joy which Mr. Moore feels when he contemplates the beautiful things of nature. The addition of the qualifying adjectives "simple and unaffected" helps to strengthen this interpretation, and Mr. Moore's later repetitions of the phrase are of such a nature as to reënforce our opinion. That we should make this distinction seems important to us, lest the real comprehension of Pater that Mr. Moore had should be misunderstood, and since Pater has so carefully, though not so directly, given us to understand that nature as he interprets it is not a superior form of life but only an adjunct to human life, Mr. Moore would be guilty of the pathetic fallacy to attribute to the "natural thing" a human emotion which it could not from Pater's viewpoint possess.

That Mr. Moore should be moved by the "unaffected and simple" is another significant state of mind. He does indeed tell us that the book was a revelation to him, and it must have been a revelation in this particular field. The complex and exhausting pleasures that he had been investigating and experiencing in the French capital were from a philosophical and conservative viewpoint, quite obvious, vulgar and insincere.

They were based upon an early enthusiasm for that which differed from Christian civilization. The acceptance of cruelty and indifference to human suffering was vulgar because the very things accepted came from the popular and common life of the day, the life that flaunted itself in the forum, the arena and the baths. Many of the aesthetes of the nineteenth century did not select the most refined and exquisite elements in pagan civilization. They tried to train themselves to an animal joy at the spectacle of blood and pain. This then was the kind of pleasure that Mr. Moore had been enjoying along with the aesthetics of modern painting and the appreciation of rare silks, embroideries, the novelties of the minor arts. Pater's new aestheticism of nature was the healthiest and most rational pleasure that he seems to have enjoyed for many a long day; and that he should recognize it as a great influence upon his literary character is a sign that he had developed his sensitivity to a refined condition. The hedonistic philosophies of pleasure which he had been interpreting as meaning a pleasure to be snatched regardless of the future was now transmitted into the reasonable action of taking those refined pleasures which bring with them no ill effects—and the enjoyment of nature is one of these.

It may be well to inspect certain passages from the books which were written before Mr. Moore read Pater. *A Modern Lover* and *A Mummer's Wife*, afford, of course, the best examples. If we take passages from one or both of them we find what we may expect: that color and light naturally affect the eye of the man who has studied art. But we also observe that the landscapes are rather standard, and that the play of light and shade is not delicately wrought into the texture of the thought. If evening is described, it has a standardized quality about it; and Mr. Moore's palette is heavily charged with primary colors and violent shades. Ugliness is not thought unfit. Descriptions are laid on with brilliant contrasts in order that they will stand forth to the eye. The author has not studied the problem of subtlety even in light and shadow with the result that ugliness permeates his books, we choose one or two passages from *A Mummer's Wife*:

"The morning of the following day was misty, and it threatened rain. Nevertheless bright, hard shafts of sunlight broke occasionally from the gray bondage of the clouds, and danced over the wet tiles of the roofs. One of these escaped rays had found its way through the dull window of the coffee room. The silver of the cruet-stand sparkled, and a little pool of light slept on a corner of the table cloth, within a few inches of Kate's impatiently moving fingers."

The effect of this is ugliness, not beauty.

"The day was beginning to die, and a gloomy yellow sky filled the room with an oppressive and mournful twilight."³

Even in *A Drama in Muslin*, which he was writing about the same time that he first read Pater and which he reminds us contains so many appeals to the senses, there is this same blatant quality. Here is a description of a sunset, and it is a violent one—

"The violet waters of the bay had darkened; and, like the separating banners of a homeward-moving procession, the colors of the sky went east and west. The girdle of rubies had melted, had become the pale red lining of a falling mantle; the large spaces of yellow grew dim; the orange and yellow streams blended; lilac and blue pennons faded to deep greys; dark hoods and dark veils were drawn closer, purple was gathered like garments about the loins and the night fell. The sky, now decorated with a crescent moon and a few stars was filled with stillness and adoration; the day's death was exquisite, even human . . ."⁴

This is indeed a purple patch, both literally and figuratively. Let us contrast it with the method that Pater used to describe the same time of day. We become aware at once of a difference, a restraint in the sketching of the picture. It is sensuous, but not oppressive:

"They were still within the precincts of the house, still in possession of that wonderful singing although almost in the open country with a great view of the Campagna before them, and the hills beyond. The orchard or

³ Both quotations are from *A Mummer's Wife*, Bren., New York, 1908. pp. 168 and 329.

⁴ *A Drama in Muslin*, p. 16.

meadow, through which their path lay was already gray with twilight, though the western sky, when the greater stars were visible was still afloat in crimson splendor. The color of all earthly things seemed repressed by the contrast, yet with a sense of great richness lingering in their shadows."⁵

There is no extravagance, no waste of material in the Paterian description such as we find in Mr. Moore's. This gaudy piece of writing is not cut from the rewriting of the novel, and we conclude that Mr. Moore could find nothing offensive in it, chiefly because it is an appeal to the senses. Mr. Moore had not as yet learned the craft of being subtle even upon a first reading of Pater, if he had read him at all when he wrote the passage.

Mike Fletcher has few descriptions of the country, for the people in it are not interested primarily in natural objects, but rather in artistic objects. The type is not concerned with "mildness in life" and we look rather vainly for reminders of the influence which Mr. Moore has claimed. Now and then a passage with pleasant reminiscences appears. A description of King's Bench Walk catches our attention by the use of certain words and the general phraseology.

"The gentle shade of linden trees, the drip of the fountain, the monumental corner where Goldsmith rests, awake in the most casual and prosaic a fleeting touch of reverence. And the wide steps with balustrades sweeping down on many turnings to the gardens cause vagrant and hurried steps to pause, and wander about the library and then the gardens which lead with such charm of way to the open spaces of the King's bench walk."⁶

The "gentle shade", the "wide steps", "charm of way" and "open spaces" are distinctly of the Paterian type, and the use of the words in *Marius the Epicurean*, and other words in other diagrams, is very frequent. There is an undoubted invocation of beauty, mildness and serenity.

On a later page is a description of evening which is much more subdued than the one quoted before; the "coombes fill with the mystery of the evening shadow" and the sea lies all around.⁷

⁵ *Marius the Epicurean*, p. 283.

⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 71.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 127.

Even upon another page there are reminders of the effect that *Marius* has had upon Mr. Moore, especially in the matter of "wide temples" which are changed to wide staircases. He writes of Mike " . . . for he was happy in this large country house full of unexpected impressions for him. On the wide staircases he stopped tense with sensation of space, order and ample life."⁸ Again the general atmosphere, the complex of ideas, which is presented, is like that which Pater has given to his volume; and the largeness, blitheness, of spirit which is so characteristic of Pater is faintly called to mind by such a passage as this in a novel which is chiefly concerned with spiritual miseries, physical debauchery and intellectual weariness.

Vain Fortune (1892) is the next novel, and we look again for the innocent pleasures of natural beauty. They are not found very often. Here the characters are not people who enjoy this part of life with unspoiled minds. They have their amorous and social disabilities to set aright. Most of the story takes place in a large country estate where the persons of the tale spend indolent days, quietly and almost dispassionately, with the exception of one young girl who kills herself for love of the hero. There is much pure enjoyment of the countryside, and the park; and in one place a rather lengthy description of a scene at night with the accompanying lake, the moonlight, and a fir tree.⁹ This has a quiet and serene quality to it that indicates Mr. Moore's growing toward the beauty of mildness. We find the presence of sunlight and bright summer days made evident

. . . "the beautiful English park now so green and fragrant in all the flower and sunlight of June, and decorated with a blue summer sky and white clouds moving lazily over the tops of the trees. And this impression of the beautiful park was enforced by its reflection which lay with the mute magic of reflected things in the still water, stirred only when with exquisite motion of webbed feet the swans propelled their freshness to and fro . . ."¹⁰

The style and vision are not so marked here, and "the magic

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 129.

⁹ *Op. cit.*, p. 129.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 128.

of reflected things'' has the nearest similarity to the manner of Pater.

Nor do we find much of this in *Celibates* which contains the second version of John Norton.

Esther Waters is apparently by subject material and treatment outside of the group of works influenced by Pater, but a close investigation reveals especially in the first part of the book certain descriptions that are indicative of the sense of beauty which Mr. Moore has developed for nature, a sense of the subtler though common beauty expressed with words that carry with them connotations of space, openness and light. We have "the wide shadows on the rich summer grass"; "the sunlight falling across a wall papered with blue and white flowers"; "the shadowed northern light softening the listening faces with grey tints"; a purely sensuous susceptibility to light and shade.¹¹

Esther is also susceptible to the influence of the senses, and we read:

"She even noticed that the elm trees were tall against the calm sky, and the rich odour of some carnations which came thru the bushes from the pleasure ground excited her; the scent of the earth and the leaves tingled in her and the cawing of the rooks coming home took her soul away skyward in an exquisite longing; she was at the same time full of a romantic love for the earth, and of a desire to mix herself with the innermost essence of things. The beauty of the evening and the sea breeze instilled a sensation of immortal health."¹²

Esther Waters does not understand these feelings. She cannot possibly express them. Her Dissenting background and her simple soul make her generally incapable of refining upon her sensuous impressions. It is doubtful whether a girl in her situation could appreciate the primitive conception of nature which is suggested nor would she have any intimations of "immortal health" from the sea breeze. Mr. Moore has brought this sentence into being simply for the pleasure of expressing these thoughts about a servant girl for whom they were entirely inappropriate.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 128; pp. 11 and 12 (1913 ed.).

¹² *Op. cit.*, p. 54.

We find her one morning with her lover William, going to the station in the "shadowless light of dawn," associating the morning and evening landscapes and calling William's attention to the beauty of the woods and fields, but in William the too-familiar landscape awakes neither "idea or sensation",¹³ which are the elements of Mr. Moore's appreciation of nature.

The scent of the hyacinth, waning light, the sound of falling apples, the breeze shivering through the tree tops, sunlight filling "the leaves with tints of pale gold" and "gardens filled with bright sunshine" appear now and then. The attribution to Esther of a certain sensuous life cannot be considered as consistent with the character, all mention of Pater erased. The characters do not frequently observe the beauties of nature, nor does Mr. Moore suggest them or describe them at length. In one place there is an exclamation over the delicacy of the filminess and greyness of the top branches of a group of trees. We are told how the green is dustier at the end of September when yellow begins to appear and the "crisped leaf falling through the air stirs the heart like a memory." This does not have to be in the style of Walter Pater, nor does it have to carry his favorite words to tell us that the delicacy and quietness of the picture are the result of his influence. The full enjoyment of these sensations shows that Mr. Moore carries in his mind a spot that is extremely receptive to the forms of landscape, trees and flowers, and that this happiness in them is part of his philosophy of life and of literature which he has declared to us was given to him as a kind of revelation in *Marius the Epicurean*; and we repeat that the qualities of the quiet, less obtrusive beauties of nature have been put into his books because his interest in them has been aroused by Pater.

Evelyn Innes is a contrast to Esther Waters, both spiritually and intellectually. Into the second girl's existence has been poured the richness of an artistic life, a wider experience of life, a sensitivity developed by association with the musically beautiful. This has prepared her for the joy of natural beauty; "a little madness dances" in her brain at the ordinary sight of nature,

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 94.

as for instance the sunlight dozing amid the cows, the colour of spring, and its perfume; a faint May breeze spreads the white chestnut bloom at her feet as she passes along the village highway. The sky in a sunset here becomes a quiet gold, turquoise blue with ruby-tinted clouds; there are cool deep shadows, and all things are peaceful.¹⁴

Even the similes are at times redolent of that "glad bright world" which so impressed Mr. Moore. The clouds appear in the azure very often, and we read Mr. Innes' "thoughts sailed on vagrant as clouds in a spring breeze;" his happiness when Evelyn returns sings in his brain "like spring awakened water courses," and the scent in his nostrils is "of young leaves and flowers."¹⁵

The prevalence of nature is more noticeable as the book draws to a close. Evelyn no longer satisfied with love and art has turned to religion and to nature for the relief and the serenity which she hopes will come to her. She is particularly susceptible to the beauty of the convent garden where she sits on the terrace watching the mauve sunset fade in the grey sky, noting the "strange wistfulness in the autumn air and in the dim garden where the gentle nuns were taking their recreation. There was a subtle harmony in the grey habits and floating veils; they blended with the white mist that was rising among the trees. And a pale light fell across the faded lawns . . ." ¹⁶ For her the vague autumn blue expresses a vague yearning; the air is like crystal, and the leaves fall.

Art is so all-pervasive in this novel that nature is only slightly stressed; but in those sentences and paragraphs which mention it, the simply sensuous and beautiful are accentuated. It is a part of the enjoyment of calm souls and serene spirits, not a mere decoration, introduced with the hope of giving a painted vision to the reader. The colors are subdued; the times chosen are those in which nature is quiet and without any great commotion of the elements. Mr. Moore has learned to find beauty in that nature which is most statuesque.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 154.

¹⁵ *Evelyn Innes*, p. 191.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 411.

The sequel to the novel just discussed is *Sister Teresa*, and in it the convent garden affords the heroine much pleasure. When it is in all its summer colour—crimson and pink—when it is in spring where brown patches show between grey—green tulip leaves, "pear blossoms show in tight pink knots amid brown bows", and Evelyn wanders along St. Peter's Walk watching the young leaves swinging. Then in a beautiful autumn Evelyn sits in the fading garden and the glittering skies with a strange allurements in the blue remind her of death. There is always the pervasive quality, the sense of bright melancholy attached to the nature found in Moore that is found also in Pater.

The Untilled Field (1903) contains no Pater influences of this nature, the purpose of the book being to avoid the exquisite sensuous elements of life and to portray the ugliness and coarseness of Irish life, its subjection to the priesthood and its painful backwardness in the arts. It is the pessimist's book and totally alien in spirit to Pater.

The next publication, *The Lake* (1905), which is the second product of Mr. Moore's Irish period, has many sentences and descriptions that remind us of the Paterian influence. There is great opportunity for the development of the technique of description for the scene is laid by the shores of an Irish lake in the midst of a beautiful mountainous country. The priest who is the chief figure in the book has two or three interests. First is his religion; second is his love of nature; and third his intellectual skepticism. Nothing except the fortuitous presence of a young school teacher filled with the vigor and power of life offsets the serene mind, and it is she who brings about the priest's doubts and worries.

Father Gogarty spends much of his time in the open, where he gradually becomes fascinated by the form and color of the landscape. His religious morale is gradually absorbed into an innocent enjoyment of the beauty which is about him, the beauty which takes the place of art, and which he describes in much detail in the letters that he writes to Rose Leicester, because he feels that he must equal her keen appreciation of the art which she finds in her journeys upon the Continent.

Mr. Moore describes him as "bewitched by the play of light and shadow among the slopes"; he tells how his eyes "dwelt upon the lake, refined and wistful, with reflections of islands and reeds mysteriously still. Rose-colored clouds descended revealing many new and beautiful mountain forms, every pass and every crest distinguishable. It was the hour when the cormorants came home to roost, and he saw their black specks flying low above the glittering surface, rising above the water they alight with a flutter of wings."¹⁷

This passage contains the forms of the landscapes and the flight of birds both of which Mr. Moore has told us he learned from Pater. We read of the pale arch of the evening sky, the cries of pursuing swallows, the pure morning air, its exquisite touch, the sunlight playing "along the valley or lighting up a sudden scarp", the priests' admiration for the curves of the beautiful trees, the great branches of the copper beeches sweeping the green turf. Father Oliver Gogarty stands on his lawn watching the swallows in the shining air, "their dipping and swerving flight showing against a background of dappled clouds."¹⁸

In his letters the priest tells Rose how the wind sighs around his house on the hill, how beautiful are the blood-red beeches in Derrinrush, the Scotch fir, two birch trees and the play of light and shade. The evening is to him more beautiful than the cathedral nave which is filled with twilight and incense—but the evening is bright and pure. The swallows fly overhead.

And toward the close of the book, as he stands in the church, we read this:

"Rose-colored clouds had just begun to appear midway in the pale sky—a beautiful sky, all grey and rose—and all this babble about baptism seemed strangely incongruous . . . a ray of western light falling across the altar steps in the stillness of the church awakened a remembrance in him of the music that Rose's hands drew from the harmonium."¹⁹

This echoes the thought that nature is enough, that beauty is

¹⁷ *The Lake*, p. 38.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 143.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 288.

sufficient, that all the theological discussion amounts to less than the pink cloud, the ray of sunlight and the music of a harmonium. The adjectives "pale", "shining", "dappled" are words which help to give the sense of refinement and grace of subdued description which is to soothe and pacify rather than arouse the mind.

This phase of Pater's influence is found in *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (1906) where form and color are spoken of.

"The scene before me was the most beautiful in shape and color I had ever seen" and "My attention was distracted by the beauty of a line of masonry sticking across the pale spring sky, tender as a faded eighteenth century silk, only the blue was a young blue like that of a newly opened flower."

He describes at length and in a very Paterian style the day of his mother's death:

"... and I remember how we were tempted out of the house by the soft sunlight floating on the lawn. The same gentle day full of mist and sunlight that I had watched since early morning, had been prolonged, and the evening hardly differed from the morning; the exaltation in the air was a little more intense. My mother had died certainly on the most beautiful day I had ever seen, the most winsome, the most white, the most wanton, as full of love as a girl in a lane who stops to gather a spray of hawthorne . . . It was impossible not to wonder why the black shadow of death had fallen across the white radiant day."²⁰

We see that Mr. Moore has trained himself to value the sheer loveliness of nature for its own sake—a nature which does not surprise or startle but relieves the intellect of its woes and burdens.

Hail and Farewell (1911–1914) in its three parts contains many allusions to nature, indicating that Mr. Moore looks upon the beauty of the earth with a constant eye. We are told of the "comely outline of Howth", and "comely" is a word that Mr. Moore learned from Pater. He desires "to acquire a permanent memory of a beautiful thing which the earth was claiming

²⁰ *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, p. 307.

rapidly, and which in a few years would have passed away." He regrets that no one is "thinking at all of the melancholy line of wandering hills enclosing the plain."

The appreciation of houses, buildings of any kind as a part of nature is very keen, and we feel that he is not thinking of them apart from the earth and sky into which they seem to merge, being played upon by the same lights and shadows.

" . . . and the houses rising up against the evening sky delicate in line and colour. I can see a blue spire striking into the heart of the sunset, and the casual winds moving among the branches and among the long silken grass . . . " ²¹

We are reminded that Pater wrote of the buildings in the vicinity of Rome, and how they became a part of nature.

Mr. Moore calls our attention again and again to the light and the clouds, the "gentle encouraging light" and "dim ashen clouds out of which a white edging" rises slowly, emphasizing the bright blue of the sky. He sits gazing upon a group of comely larches; he watches "the shadows of apple trees and lilac bushes moving over the sweet grass", ashen blue skies becoming pink in the south and east, the hawthorns with their white and pink stars. Sometimes the sky is blue fading into gray with a pink tinge on a still summer day; it is full of light which is shed over the green undulations softened by a delicate haze, with trees emerging like vapors.

The richness and variety of the observation grows as Mr. Moore approaches his present period. He eliminates much of the blatant landscape of *A Modern Lover* when he rewrites it as *Lewis Seymour and Some Women*; but the *Brook Kerith* (1916) which appeared just before this has much of the local beauty of Palestine. Mr. Moore has told us how he went to the Holy Land to observe personally the landscape of which he was to write ²² and how he came back and perhaps imagined the land as it was nineteen hundred years before. He has at least given the country grass, trees, color, atmosphere and life. It is not the hard, barren

²¹ *Hail and Farewell*, Vol. I, p. 63.

²² *Dialogues and Monologues*, Humbert Wolfe, Gollanz, London, 1928.

desert country which we commonly picture, but one softened by haze and mist.

When Joseph and his tutor ride along overlooking a town we read:

"The town was an enchantment in the still limpid morning, but when they rose to their feet their eyes fell on greater enchantment—the hills clothed with moving light and shade so beautiful that the appeal to come away to the woods and fields continued in their hearts after they prayed for strength to adhere to their original project".²³

This project is the contest between the appeal of beauty and duty, for Joseph is going away to study. We have the same fondness for light and sweetness, the same adjectives or similar, synonymous ones suggesting the ease and graciousness of nature:

"Azariah waited a moment for the man and ass to reappear, but after all he was not much concerned with them and began to descend, unmindful of the lark which mounted to the sky in circles singing his delirious song . . . a flight of doves flying hither and thither as if they had just discovered that they could fly."²⁴

This passage shows that Mr. Moore has not forgotten the flight of birds which pleased him so much in *Marius the Epicurean*. He takes it as a theme and plays upon it, watching for every variation, suggesting beautiful images, or recalling to mind similar pictures that the reader has enjoyed. Here is another variation:

"A bird floated past, his black eyes always watchful. The bird turned to join his mates and Joseph bade his escort watch the flock; a bird here and a bird there swooping and missing and getting no doubt sometimes a fish that had ventured too near the surface."²⁵

Mr. Moore is a city man, and although reared in the country we gather that he did not enjoy an atmosphere among the horse-

²³ *Brook Kerith*, p. 21.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 22.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 113.

flesh interests of his father that would conduce to an appreciation of nature. He never tells us that he ran through the fields enjoying the innocent gayety of nature when he was a child. He seems scarcely to have been susceptible as a boy to these common beauties which he now makes so much of. Though he recalls now and then the beauty of Moore Hall and its surroundings (if a stable yard in the rear may be called beautiful), it is not as a series of beautiful impressions received as a child, but as something that he now knows to have had certain kinds of beauty. He was probably rather rebellious, and deeply affected by the saccharine moralizing of Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" and the spirit of revolt that Shelley so completely exemplified. He went into the world in search of art, and not to find nature; but he returned to England and to Ireland having found that too much art sickens the spirit. The new art that refreshed him was the enjoyment of nature that had been shown him by Pater.

We return, after this digression, to *The Brook Kerith*, for the emphasis upon the art of enjoying nature is appropriate at this point. Joseph and Jesus both enjoy the beauty of the world about both through the eye, the nostril and the ear. We read:

"Every breath of air brought a new and exquisite scent to him, and through the myrtle bushes he could hear the streams singing their way down to the lake; and when he came to the lake's edge he heard the warble that came into his ear when he was a little child, which it retained always."²⁶

The "exquisite scent" calls to mind the frequent use which Pater makes of that adjective. We have the use of the senses in this single sentence, a gentle and pleasant suggestion, and the memory of childhood. The places in which nature has worked most effectively, or as it is put in Marius, "the places where nature has used her mastery"²⁷ always catch the eye and hold it.

"They attracted him strangely, the hills dim, shadowy, phantasmal, rising out of their loneliness towards the bright sky, a white cliff showing sometimes through the greyness; the shadow of a rock falling sometimes across

²⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 126.

²⁷ *Marius the Epicurean*, p. 130.

a track faintly seen winding round the hills, every hill being as it were, a stage in the ascent."²⁸

This is a description of nature in which the same features are emphasized that were called to our attention in the descriptions of Irish, French and English landscape. There are bright skies, shadows falling, faintly seen tracks and dimness. The softness of mist, and the pleasing quality of certain lights is always worth mentioning; and Mr. Moore does it frequently, for example:

" . . . there will be no moon, only a soft starlight, and he stood gazing at the desert showing through a great tide of the shadow, the shapes of the hills emerging like the hulls of great ships afloat in a shadowy sea."

There are also scenes with grey bushes and young oaks, ferns marking green lanes into the heart of the woods, and birds talking to birds; or a flight of doves distracts some one's attention, or another person bounds along the road his eyes following the white clouds moving over the sky.

The nature which is found in the book is, like that which permeates *Marius the Epicurean*, an integral part of the story. It forms a large part of the aesthetics which appeal so impressively to the mind of the reader. The books begin to fill with fresh breezes, sunshine, the flutter of birds' wings, and the rustle of leaves on the trees.

Now that Mr. Moore has taken to writing stories of olden times he has simultaneously increased the use of natural beauty according to the formula which he has supplied for us.

A Story Teller's Holiday (1918) shows little, however, of this phase of George Moore. He remains faithful to the characteristic style of Alec. But when he begins to tell a story himself, the sensuous elements appear. As he tells the narrative, we catch hints of his sensuous appreciation of the beauty of the fields and the hedgerows, the languor of a June sunset, the elms showing fine design on the fading day, the daybreak, the beautiful flowering country, the hawthorn blossom, the hills of Westport that

²⁸ *Brook Kerith*, p. 295.

unveil crest after crest to eyes that rejoice in outline, the resinous odor of larch trees, the hum of bees, the beauty of the long grass waving, the white clouds unfolding, which Adam sees as he looks through the branches. Even the angels enjoy the beauty of the earth; they watch the warm breeze coming and going, shaking the juniper bushes, and the sunset with a bar of gold and a flush of crimson, and when they see the moon they agree that earth has a beauty unknown to heaven.²⁹

The characters in *Heloise and Abelard* (1921) have a great fondness for the joy in the heart of natural things:

"He wandered from the town to watch the angles by the river, and though there were no hawks in the air, nor a heron, he saw the three birds still battling, for all he had seen and heard with Heloise was forever fixed in his memory."³⁰

We read of the grand flight of hawks seen from a ship, the wet of summer of 1127 followed by the autumn of sunny airiness, "the afternoons passing into glowing evenings and the evenings into soft still nights . . .", the starlings going away with a whirl of wings, the wild ducks that come up the river every evening, the swallows seen from the orchard by the river, and many other little details which keep this delicate procession of beautiful sights and sounds evolving and changing in our minds.

In another place there is a pleasant discussion of architecture, faith, and nature:

" . . . and it was not until the first timid ray struck across the roadway, revealing in its passages some budding arches at the corner of the brown wood, that his eyes were diverted from his charge to their spires whose traceries show delicate as the groined roofs of the new cathedral—the meaning not being plain to Heloise till an hour afterward when an old Romanesque church lying low, almost squat, served him for an illustration, and he made it plain to her that the round arch was superseded by the pointed, for it allowed the builders to build higher, to raise their roofs to over a hundred feet, thereby inspiring the worshippers to life their thoughts as well as their hearts Godward. The Romanesque church represents faith, and the new church faith enforced by reason, a little exordium that filled Heloise's eyes with wonder

²⁹ *A Story Teller's Holiday*, p. 219 ff.

³⁰ *Heloise and Abelard*, Vol. II, p. 33.

and her heart with reverence, though she would have wished to hear of faith and reason at some more suitable time, for at that moment the green streak of morning was passing away and rose-colored clouds were beginning in the sky. A lovely day is preparing she said, and the *trouvere* getting the better of the philosopher, he forgot faith and reason, and said: The beauty of the larches is enough."³¹

This is the concentration of all the thought of the book. Nature is enough. All the arguments, all the spacious doctrine of philosophers and theologians do not produce the happiness that a beautiful flower or tree can give. "Beauty is enough"; behind it need be found no principle, or moral idea, which is more important than the form and color of the object. The contrast is between the severe moralizing of the Middle Ages and the careful enjoyment of life for life's sake that was to come in with the Renaissance.

Birds play a large part in the atmosphere of this book. Mr. Moore weaves them into the narrative in most skillful ways, until we understand that Heloise is purely hedonistic, enjoying the flight of birds in the serene air as much as anything. It is a very subtle refinement of the mind that makes human beings comprehend the simple melody and rhythm of natural things. Mr. Moore has developed this ability to the highest degree. We read such descriptions as the following:

"At noon the sky was blue, the sun was shining, the larks rose wet winged from the fields singing, and in a little while, (four hours later) the day was declining, and riding thru the dusk they saw great companies of rooks flapping thru the sky, making for some rooky woods about a nobleman's castle."³²

"A great grey bird came down the sky one day the silver lining of his wings showing as he wheeled, a heron in search of an open pool . . ."³³

"Listen, he said, to those birds in a cherry-tree all singing together."³⁴

"April was coming in; blue and white, according to her wont. One evening

³¹ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 193.

³² *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 277.

³³ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 87.

³⁴ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 197.

I heard the thrush singing under a rising moon, and the next morning he sang from an elm bough."³⁵

These are important reminders that Mr. Moore still meditates upon the "flight of the birds." The warmth and sweetness of the morning, the gentle breeze, the faint fragrance of the daffodils, a pathway chequered with the pattern of budding branches, the sun driving shafts of light through dove-grey clouds enhancing the silky blueness, and the great oaks by the roadside are some of the refinements, the more exquisite moments that Mr. Moore selects for us here, as in his other works.

Mr. Moore's latest story, or retelling of a legend in a very elaborate form, is in reality something of a continuation of *A Story Teller's Holiday*, the legend of *Ulick and Soracha* being told by Mr. Moore to Alec, his collocutor of the former book. The principal part of the tale is related by our author, but Alec's completion of the adventures and death of Tadhg O'Dorachy forms a kind of coda to the harmonious prose which Mr. Moore uses for the history. In this, as in the *Brook Kerith*, in the general conditions of the tale, a romantic tragedy of the medieval age of Ireland, a vast amount of idealistic portraiture and detail may be introduced; and since the story has little or nothing to do with wars and bloodshed, being told concerning a harper and a troubadour, all things that enjoin a sense of beauty and calmness may be expected in the prose of the book.

Troubadours were great nature lovers, and Mr. Moore has ample opportunity to draw their characteristic fondness for the benign and exquisite in land and sea. They had little reason to be "arty", living most of the time in the open air, wandering from one miniature court to another. The world of trees, flowers, buds and the open air formed the basis of their inspiration, and they sang with sensuous delight of sensuous things. One passage after another proclaims Mr. Moore's use of the aesthetics of nature which he learned from Pater, and which seems to have been growing and expanding in him since the day he picked up the volume of *Marius the Epicurean* in Moore Hall.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 155.

Ulick, the troubadour-hero, says that he would not waste an hour sitting within doors taking instructions from Nottingham but would see the city under the evening light.

This is not the spirit of a medieval knight or burger; it is the mind of Mr. Moore enjoying an aesthetic sensation. Tadhg calls Ulick's attention to the fine autumn smell about a wood, of nuts, toad stools, hips and haws, dead leaves and berries; then the sun comes up out of the clouds showing tall dying grasses and harebells in the interspaces; then the two move on till they come upon a group of pines in an open space halfway up the hillside. This is a series of images appealing to the mind as sufficient in their own beauty to be remembered, because under certain lights and shades they attract our attention by their color and form.

If we turn again to Ulick, we find him extremely susceptible at all times to the various shades and colors about him:

"Whilst watching a flock of golden clouds driven southward Ulick said: 'I know nothing more beautiful than golden clouds sailing over blue . . .'"³⁶

Ulick sits at the window and imbibes the beauty of the earth and sky.

"At the window there was the sky to be seen, with white clouds moving over, and comely poplars too at the end of the garden; and behind the poplars there was an orchard descending, so Tadhg told him, to the river bank . . . he could only enjoy the sunlight in the garden and the south wind bringing him the fragrance of the earth, now tremulous in the agitations of a new birth. He sought for the scent of flowers in the wind but there was none; he dreamed as he dozed off of drowdrops and crocus."³⁷

Again we read:

" . . . and Ulick's eyes followed the sunlight wandering in and out of the woods, lighting up the banks, bringing the rushes into flower and colour to the country and the sea"

³⁶ *Ulick and Soracha*, p. 33.

³⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 38.

And then his eyes delighted in the divers colours of the sea, heaving with feline voluptuousness under a sky densely clouded with only here and there a hint of blue beyond the clouds. About the ship gulls watched their prey from the surface and cormorants pursued theirs into the depths of the sea, and then the gulls and the white cloud, herself like a great bird, went tilting over the happy waves."³⁸

Our attention is called to Ulick's eyes which never lose a passage of light, the blue of the sky, the flowers blooming, the flight of gulls and cormorants. He can enjoy the sunlight only in the garden. That alone suffices him for the day. We think of him as a beautiful youth in the picturesque costume of the day, gloating over the loveliness that lies about him.

Even the Red Earl de Burgo is susceptible, for he says, when Ulick returns after many days and sits beside him:

"I walk in Courancy with thy mother, Ulick, and can see the village plainly in my memory on the sunny hillside amid apple garths in flower and in sight of the silver Seine again and again around poplar lined fields."³⁹

We hear ever and anon of the sunny air, the black violet sky, the cormorant flying very low, the "wild and gracious lake amid two shores vanishing into grey distances," the falling of great bronze leaves. The harpers from France admit that they have never heard sweeter songs sung in the springtime; the black bud, the thrush and the grey lark sing. The reader moves through a scarcely interrupted maze of woodland and pasture.

Tadhg in Mr. Moore's story shows evidence of being impressed in a rather intelligent way with the forms and colors of things. He meditates upon the trees:

"The young larch in April and the sixty-foot larch in May, the loveliest of trees . . . The birch too was coming into bloom; and he was sorry for the pine dead and stark amid its live brethren . . . At the foot of the elms primroses were everywhere, and in the meadows cowslips, and the flowers of the ground ivy were hard to distinguish from the dry violets."⁴⁰

³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 39.

³⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 70.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 242.

He hearkens to lake water lapping and his eyes wander over reaches of white sand thickly studded with tussocked rushes. And even Alec, in his story of Tadhg's last days is sufficiently impressed by a certain beauteous serenity to tell how the bells of the abbey were wafted by pleasant breezes over the great marshes, how the bees murmured in the ivy, and to speak of the blue-bells and the white anemone.

The intention of this chapter has been that of showing how Mr. Moore has followed out in his works a method which Pater employed, and which appealed to him when he read *Marius the Epicurean*. It is one of the two principal phases of the influence which Mr. Moore has acknowledged to be the result of the reading of, and association with Pater. In the fourteen works from which we have quoted, we have found, we believe, sufficient evidence that Mr. Moore has used the sensuous beauty of nature, not its moral or spiritual significance as a very definite part of the aesthetic structure of his art. The employment of various picturesque atmospheric conditions or fortuitous, pleasing forms in the out-of-doors has not been carried out with a servile desire to imitate the style and mannerisms of the older author, but rather by a laudable hope of emulating in his own style the excellent example set by Pater. Mr. Moore gives us the sense of the joy to be found in natural things by using the adjectives suggesting the most cheerful and candid aspects of the air, the land, and the sea. He selects with refining care the nice details, and his nature with rare exceptions is never strenuous. It is nature in a calm state rather than in violent motion, a nature harmless and objective; and when he does choose the storm or the gloomy day, he never stresses the violence of the elements, giving them to us rather indirectly. He has taken to heart and applied to his love of nature the mild rebuke which he comprehended when Pater wrote him the letter saying in his courtly, considerate way that he could not review a certain novel because he did not believe that vehement states of mind served the purposes of art.

We have also sought to show that there has been a continual increase in the careful working into the story of allusions to trees, flowers, the sky, and other details that add to the beauty of the book, though not always remarked or apprehended upon

first reading. This is quite as true of Pater; the lights and shadows, the forms and colors of things to which he is so responsive are so concealed that they often pass unnoticed. We are quite certain that Mr. Moore has noted carefully these bits of beauty woven into the texture of the material in the works subsequent to *The Renaissance* and to *Marius the Epicurean*. They are present in the *Imaginary Portraits* and several of the essays in *Miscellaneous Studies*, and the others.⁴¹

It is quite natural that the man who has passed from realism to stylism should seek out those elements in human experience which may be used to beautify his writing. In a larger sense they are a part of his style, but we have separated them from the technical consideration of Mr. Moore's style because he himself has distinguished them as comprising a state of mind rather than a device for creating effects, which they are, however. The love of the beauty of nature is for him a part of a philosophy.

His characters, as we have shown, have this susceptibility to the beauty which lies about them, and while this too has a part in the conception of characters which we shall consider in the next chapter, Mr. Moore does not value it primarily for that purpose. Since he has developed in himself a keen sensibility to beauty, it is quite normal that he should imbue his characters with that part of his own spirit. He has a greater opportunity to do this when he goes back to medieval ages for his subjects. Ulick is the best instance of this result.

⁴¹ A few examples are:

Marius the Epicurean—

. . . A clear morning sunlight seemed to lie perpetually on that picture in old grey and green. P. 37.

The eagles were seen driving the flocks of smaller birds across the dusky sky. P. 174.

. . . a riotous tangle of wild clematis. P. 345.

"Denys L'Auxerrois"—

. . . Denys a lover of trees, was careful to leave a stately specimen of forest growth here and there. P. 62.

"Sebastian Van Storck"—

. . . the light of the low sun, falling red on the old trees of the avenue. P. 90.

IV

CHARACTER INFLUENCE OF WALTER PATER

We have shown in a preceding chapter how the first reading of *Marius the Epicurean* affected Mr. Moore so deeply that he almost at once created a kind of modern Marius in the personality of John Norton, the chaste aesthete seeking in seclusion and monastic life a kind of Cyrenaicism, which is but a misapprehension of the harmonious development of the character as set forth by Pater. This complete acceptance of life was always at war in the mind and heart of Marius with the instinctive desire to be pure, holy and unstained by vice. Pater's characters are built up around ideas, and are philosophical phantasms rather than flesh and blood men.

There is but one instance of a woman's character being portrayed by Pater and this fortunate person is rather lightly put in with pastel behind the portrait of Jean B. Watteau in *A Prince of Court Painters*, the sister of Pater's ancestor and secret lover of the artist. She never dares speak out. In the collection of men, scarcely strenuous enough to be more than dying spirits caught in Time's net of consciousness, we find them limited to more or less mythical gentlemen, studying the problems of literature, workers in oil, stone, wood, and ideas—people who have for the most part limited themselves to the purely intellectual phases of life. Each one is young or just beyond youth, and in their similarity of the beginnings of life, development, temperament, and death, are monotonously alike. Emerald Uthwart, the soldier, strikes us as being the most normal of the group, but he is an idealized creature with a veneering of gentle militarism superimposed. The slight knowledge that Pater had of military life is shown by the absence of any description of action or the camp. These charming phantasies are really Pater himself under various guises. They grow up in quiet, secluded homes, in the sweet, dry odor of an antiquity shown by the furnishings, the architecture and the customs of their surroundings. They are sensuous lads upon whom a

rich inheritance of a compounded intellectual and spiritual life descends.

It is not strange that no one of them is in robust physical health, perhaps; and all of them calmly die at the end of their stories; four of them, Denys, Sebastian, Apollyon and Duke Carl are victims of violent deaths, which are of course carefully described without any unsavory images.

If we analyze the means that Pater used to build up the character of Marius, we find that the young Roman's life is a process of sensuous accretion and a constant growth in gentle intellectual insight. In his youth he is reared on an estate where his mother trains him to many of the amenities in which the feminine heart delights. He passes through boyhood under this influence and under the spell of an ancient ritualistic religion, which his naturally idealistic soul accepts at first as truth, and later because of its beauty; since beauty is a spiritual power in itself. Nature also gives him relish in its mere physical shape and color. An event which has a bearing upon his future development is his visit to the Sanatorium of Aesculapius, where he is taught bodily and mental health. Then after the death of his mother come the school days, the happy meeting with the rich philosophy of the ancient world, the short friendship with Flavian, the resulting impulse to literary activity, the effect of Flavian's death, which is apparently the most affecting thing that has occurred to him, and the resultant conclusions that he draws about life. Above all he determines upon the Cyrenaic doctrine, revised to suit his own ideals, and a sort of humble skepticism with regard to all things improved by the senses. After his contacts with Marcus Aurelius, the stoic emperor, the sense of pity aroused for suffering by the sight of the arena, makes necessary a revision of his philosophy. Then he is introduced to Christianity which becomes for him the consummation of his spiritual, or perhaps, just intellectual, experience, not that he accepts the so-slightly understood doctrines of this new sect, but with his will as vision he comprehends the pure beauty,—a purity both moral and physical—which the ancient ritual presents to him. He dies, however, never certain that this is the ultimate truth of life for

which he has been searching. That ever questioning mind, that essentially curious mind with which he is endowed, does not agree to any finite decisions or circumscribing definitions of life and the universe and he dies, therefore, an almost complete skeptic. He is not a dual nature; he is unified, not mystified by a *döppelgänger*, another personality which he may call good or evil. His judgments are never sure. One quality of the world he is sure of: it is beauty. He is inspired by art, by philosophy and by religion. He is always searching for something he cannot find.

The spirits of the *Imaginary Portraits* are the same. They all die after vaguely searching for a somewhat mysterious satisfaction which their experiences in life do not bring them. Art, philosophy, and religion occupy their attention. They never die hard.

Mr. Moore turned from the realistic and satiric novel to the philosophic and aesthetic novel when he had read Pater. His characters become interested in the fine art of living, and living with a philosophical and aesthetic vision rather than a merely social one. This may not be said of all of them, Esther Waters and the characters in *Spring Days* being ever socially and materially inclined beings. The indifference to marriage, the open hatred of women shown in some books is an all too strongly accentuated phase of Pater's philosophy. When such people as Mike Fletcher, Oliver Gogarty, Evelyn Innes, and Joseph, or Abelard, are analyzed we find that their minds are in a state of continual flux, that doubt and skepticism work in them constantly. They are all interested either in art, philosophy, or religion; and in the end these foundations upon which their lives have been erected either crumble away or are powerfully shaken, leaving them in uncertain states of mind.

Mike Fletcher is again the young man who has come up to the city in search of artistic life. He has certain personable qualities which carry him into a society which lives more extravagantly than he can afford. The people with whom he moves are dilettantes in the arts, seeking after the second-rate rather than the first-rate products of genius. Like Flavian in *Marius the Epicurean*, Mike has the stigma of low birth upon him, but

he hopes by a literary career to overcome this drawback, and contemplates a trilogy on the life of Christ.¹ The introduction of women and intrigue into the novel is Mr. Moore himself, for it is only part of the book that shows the Paterian influence; the analogues to Pater are elements in, and not the entire book.

Mike is not the perfect philosopher that Pater creates for us, but he has many susceptibilities which are perhaps unusual in the general type which he represents. He has generous impulses and gentlemanly restraint, though he does not hesitate to sponge off his friends. He shows that passivity toward life which is characteristic of Marius. It is a matter of sensations and ideas which flow into him and out of him leaving him undisturbed by their force. He is satisfied to live from hand to mouth, without great effort to make a stubborn resistance to the forces which carry him to an eventful doom. Happily the circumstances of fortune give him a large home and a munificent competence. Although wealthy and intellectually free, he is not satisfied, and seeks to marry the consumptive girl, Lily Young, who dies almost in his arms; and after some years of travel he returns too obviously bored with life, sinks into all sorts of pleasures and after a period of debauch kills himself.

There is a certain buoyant hopefulness in Mike Fletcher's life until Lily Young dies. She has been the purest influence in his life. This hopefulness, this optimism which carries him through the ups and downs of his life is found also in Marius. When he gives himself over to the enjoyment of life, it is with an epicurean delight, not with the gluttonous desire of a bestial mind. There is delicacy and refinement in enjoyments for the most part, and his amours are conducted with discretion. When he goes to the country he finds the most exquisite pleasure in the life of the gentry. In the open air he breathes in all the calmness and peace of rural life, gives himself over to sensations, and "like a pure animal enjoys the sensations of life."² It is he who finds

¹ *Mike Fletcher*, p. 127.

² *Ibid.*, p. 133.

that the sensation of love is delicious—"like a glass of Char-
treuse."³

Mr. Moore describes Mike at first as a sensualist. But he is not so degraded that he cannot appreciate the celibate life that John Norton leads, observing his monastic chastity. He tries to mend his ways. Lily Young becomes a refining influence upon him. He calls frequently at her home and the atmosphere, the nature of the girl, and the effect of the life upon him are expressed in a very Paterian fashion by Mr. Moore:

" . . . And now the best hours of his life—hours strangely tense and strangely personal—were passed in the Kensington drawing room. She was to him like the light of a shrine; he might kneel and adore from afar, but he might not approach . . . A sweet but exasperating changelessness reigned in that drawing room,—that pretty drawing room where mother and daughter sat in natural sweetness, removed from the grossness and meanness of life as he knew it. Neither illicit whispering nor affectation of reserve, only the charm of strict behavior unreal and strange was the refinement, material and mental in which they lived. And for a time the charm sufficed . . ."⁴

Another refining influence which is in his life is the little maiden lady, Miss Dudley, whom he has met at Brighton, whose lameness has given her a "more intense sympathy with life." He goes to see her, enjoys her society and the healthful vision of life that she has. He pities the street sweepers; he values John Norton's admonitions, but he can never bring himself to practice a goodness and rationality in life. There is a better side, a kind of purer impulse which suggests that he choose the more refined way of life, but it is an instinct which he does not follow. He is touched by religion and religious services, but not deeply affected. He lives in his sensations, and the distinguished air of a company of people move him with a pleasurable sensation. Being in love is a delicious sensation. The beauty of house furnishings appeals to him, and he stops to study the style of an old staircase in the Temple. All this is the calmer aestheticism that Pater presented in *Marius* and the *Imaginary Portraits*.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 62.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 72.

The philosophy of Schopenhauer attracts him; the problem of life is discussed by his friends and the pessimistic ideal held up to him. He hears Harding say that the greatest evil is to create life, but that is not sufficiently convincing to him. The arguments for and against domesticity are presented. He observes them all, and they seem to pass over him until he feels that he has no reason to live. As he says to himself:

"In truth I'm not alive. I'm really dead, for I live without hope, without belief, without desire."⁵

When he commits suicide he is very careful to give evidences that he is perfectly sane in the commission of the act and he dies without having found life satisfactory.

Father Oliver Gogarty in *The Lake* is another man who seeks for something that he has never found. The life which he leads in the obscure Irish parish is most conducive to a serene mental state. The brief presence of Rose Leicester is the great disturbing quantity in the gentle flow of events. As soon as she comes and goes, and then writes to the priest, ideas begin to flow into his consciousness and his spiritual equilibrium is shaken and then overthrown. He is compelled by his conscience to go out into the world and seek for an entire resetting of life in a new environment. He had been certain at one time, but now he is no longer certain. Undoubtedly he feels a kind of love for Rose Leicester, but that is not the principal element of her relationship to him, though he is strongly enough moved to be jealous of Mr. Ellis. The catastrophic climax is Oliver Gogarty's complete renunciation of his religious beliefs, a decision brought about by a meditative, rationalizing process. It is like the presentation of a new theory of the universe, revolutionary—deracinating all the previous conceptions. Humanity is like Gogarty and Gogarty is like humanity, and Mr. Moore in writing of humanity when he tells us of Gogarty, just as Pater wrote of humanity when he gave the narrative of Marius. We have in Gogarty a man a celibate by nature, as we have in Mike Fletcher, and

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 261.

John Norton; his mind is occupied chiefly by moral and philosophical problems. A desire to be sincere in all he does or thinks is the motive of his actions. The process of the dissolution of his faith is developed through the letters which pass between him and Rose, whose adventures in the world of art and of thought act as the solvent upon the hardened mass of Catholic faith that had accumulated in his mind. His is, moreover, a particularly sensuous man, with an eye susceptible to all the manners of color in nature, and an ear receptive of every natural sound. He begins to believe that he is missing something—missing everything perhaps by cloistering himself in Garraard. The gradual approach of the final uncertainty is embalmed in a constant allusion to natural beauty:

"The Mass had become a mere Latin formula, and the vestments and the chalice, the Host itself, a sort of fetichism—that is to say a symbolism from which life had departed, the shells retaining hardly a minimum of the ancient ecstasy."⁶

His love for Rose fades in his perception of the real issue that is taking him from his priestly life:

"He was not following her, but an idea, an abstraction, an opinion; he was departing himself and forever, from his native land and his past life and his question was, alas! not her, but—He was following what? Life? Yes, but what is life?"⁷

That is the question which of course has been expressed many, many times, but it is essentially the question that Pater's characters ask, never quite certain whether art, religion or philosophy will give the most complete answer.

Father Oliver goes into a world which promises hardship and little prospect of relief, but he goes wondering, and curious as to whether he has done rightly in accepting the challenge to know life through a variety of experiences, rather than to follow the ascetic plan of secondary observation from his cottage window

⁶ *The Lake*, p. 302.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 300.

in Garranard. It is life based upon an idea, a life in philosophy, regardless of social distinction or enterprise. It is a literary life of a kind, a journalistic career which will enable the recalcitrant priest to be something of an observer as well as an actor. He is somewhat more definite in his vision than the spiritually uneasy Joseph of Arimathea who wanders back and forth through the pages of *The Brook Kerith*.

Joseph's is a mind like Marius's, deeply religious but concerned with the truth rather than mere form. He is born into an age during which constant intellectual readjustment is necessary. There are many opposing sects and factions offering to this young man of venerable Pharisaical family religious and intellectual novelties to satisfy his mind and soul. It is a condition which Marius finds in his world when he enters it at a time three hundred years after the date of *The Brook Kerith*. Marius is taught to believe in the ancient faith of his fathers, but like many others of the curious mind that Pater so dearly loves, he learns that it is not compatible with reason and gradually leaves it for the philosophy that he constructs for himself out of his wide and complete knowledge of the culture of his own world. Joseph, of whom we know nothing through the Bible, is the admirably developed character who, partaking something of the world and something of the intellectual mystic, acts as a counterpart to the unworldly Jesus whom Mr. Moore draws so elaborately for us. We are reminded that he considers Flavian the foil to Marius in Pater's volume; but here the resemblance ends, for Flavian is but an incident in the older author's book, whereas Joseph occupies the center of the stage throughout a large part of Mr. Moore's narrative.

Joseph has a curious mind. He is intellectually inclined, and although Mr. Moore describes him as a full-blooded boy often truant from his lessons, headstrong, but strangely enough for one of Mr. Moore's characters indifferent to the opposite sex, not positively offended by their presence. He learns Hebrew and Greek. Then he goes to study the law, to study in Jerusalem, and he has great longings to travel even to Alexandria to hear the heresies of the Jews in that heathen city. He has had an interesting taste of pagan culture when he is led by a band of

servants of a wealthy Roman into the city of Tiberius to witness a cock fight, thereby associating himself with pagans and scandalizing his race. It is enough to say that Dan, his father, is not very pleased with the prospect of an intellectual son and devises plans to bring him into the counting house where he makes an excellent administrator, one always yearning for the life of studious hours and meditation. But he finds in Jerusalem many things that do not please him. There is a penetrating hypocrisy in the life of the priestly caste that annoys him, and as Mr. Moore describes him: "had it not been that he was a genuinely religious man, concerned much more with an intimate sense of God than with the slaying of bullocks and rams,"⁸ he might have gone on admiring the Sadducees. The sacrifices become more distasteful to him, especially when he listens to the irreverent comments of the priests, and he discovers that the Sadducees do not believe in a future life and the teaching that the Jews are the chosen people. Their skepticism is crude and unpleasant, so that he returns to his own sect, the Pharisees, who at least are sincere. Then he hears of the Essenes, a third Jewish sect and, being anxious to know whether they have a better vision of life and God, he journeys to their monastery.

This young Jew is not a noisy, impertinent inquirer. He is quiet, persevering and earnest. Nature has granted him a love of beauty, which is unusual in his race, and he takes a purely sensuous pleasure, of course, according to Mr. Moore, in the forms and colors of the out-of-doors. He is mild and gentle, not rude and untamed, the product of a civilization which was gradually absorbing some of the refinements of the pagan culture.

He finds the cenoby of Essenes, and inquires into the conditions of admission into the society. He stays there for a time and comes into contact with the mind of Mathias, whom he admires because "his mind moved in a rich erudite and complex syntax," and he was master of and "a great lover of verbal felicities."⁹ This theme of delicate and finely expressed ideas, as well as of the saving of native languages, has been one of Mr. Moore's favorites

⁸ *Brook Kerith*, p. 61.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 80.

ever since he read the chapter called "Euphuism" in *Marius the Epicurean*. It has cropped out many times.

Mathias tells him that his mind is morally inclined, not aesthetically, but Joseph has shown an interest in beauty as a young man. Mathias teaches him that mere piety, a chief part of the Essenes' teaching, is not enough, and that the mind which God gave man is to be used to meditate upon the divine nature. This is a new point of view to Joseph, who is particularly impressed by the statement of the doctrine of Heraclitus. Much argument follows, and eventually Joseph leaves the cenoby to attend the teachings of the prophets who live in caves near the Jordan, and to visit particularly the one, John, who preached that a Messiah was at hand and that the world would soon end, calling upon men to repent their sins. He hears of Jesus, the Essene, the report of whose personality catches his attention. He remembers that this Essene is a shepherd of his cenoby and he is fascinated by the man who, he hears, has gone to Alexandria to learn Greek; so he follows him there hoping to find him.

In Alexandria his old conception of God and the nature of divinity are dissolved under the working of the Greek schools of philosophy, and he stays many months among the Alexandrian Jews and Greeks. At last he returns to his home, chances to meet Jesus near the cenoby and becomes enveloped in his teaching that the love of God is greater than philosophy. He follows Jesus, but when his father dies, he leaves the disciples and is censured by them. He remembers the teaching of Heraclitus that all things change. He has listened to the wrangling and questioning of the disciples, but gradually his faith in Jesus' teaching begins to dwindle; for while he loves the man, reason and experience, a breadth of knowledge obtained by travel and associations with the gentile mind, militate against his complete acceptance of the Gospel. Moreover, he is not the one to go about preaching a risen Saviour when he himself, out of kindness and a sense of duty, took the body for the purpose of burying it, only to find that it was not dead. Joseph's life continues on in a mild and placid flow even after he has taken Jesus back to the cenoby; and it is a very skeptical Jesus whom he guides to the rocky monastery by the Jordan, a Jesus who

goes back to his sheep, uncertain of himself and anxious only to pass from life as quietly as possible. He becomes a kind of pantheist saying to himself:

"God is always about us. We hear him in the breeze, and we find him in the flower."¹⁰

Again Jesus says to Paul in that last conversation:

". . . if we had met in Galilee thou wouldst not have heeded me, and thou wouldst have done well, for in Galilee I was but a seeker; go thou and seek and be not always satisfied with what comes first to thy hand."¹¹

Joseph passes from the book as soon as he takes Jesus back to the cenoby, and we hear of him again as a kind of martyr.

Jesus advises Paul to give up the mission and work that he is engaged in and live for himself, and to suffer his fellowmen to live for themselves, "All learning", he says,

"comes out of ourselves, and no one may communicate his thought; for his thought was given to him for himself alone."¹²

We may compare this with Pater's famous statement in the *Renaissance* in which he reminds us that thick clouds hide our thoughts from our friends. It is to be found in the famous "Conclusion" to the *Renaissance*:

"Experience already reduced to a group of impressions is unified around for each one of us by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to us, or from us to that which we can only conjecture to be without. Every one of these impressions is the impression of the individual on his isolation, each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of the world."

In the lives and habits of these three men we find much difference, but it is easily seen that they resemble each other in this

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 352.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 469.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 480.

one respect, which has been emphasized throughout, namely a break-up of intellectual and spiritual structures. They realize in the end that all is in a state of perpetual flux. Mildness and beauty in life is what they seek. Mike Fletcher is undoubtedly a debauché, a roué, but he values those months that he spends far from the strenuousness of the crowd. This same mildness and peace is sought by Hubert Price in *Vain Fortune*. He alone is married, and his marriage is probably not a way of life to which he gazes with mind expecting a revelation of joy; the book closes with the bare hope on his part that he will make a good husband, and the conviction that it is his duty to be thus.

Abelard in *Heloise and Abelard* is, of course, at the false dawn of the Renaissance. His life is a mass of intellectual problems. He lives in an age of great intellectual activity, and is first of all a fighter. In the novel he is of secondary interest, Heloise having first place. Although theology has occupied his mind for many years, he is not entirely out of the traditions of his troubadour days. Mr. Moore is chiefly interested in giving this side of his life, or what remains of it. For the time being the logician and philosopher in Abelard are suppressed; we glimpse these only here and there; and Abelard as lover and artist is conjured up for us. This is at last the more passive, the more exquisite phase of his life. He is interested in literary problems, particularly those of the Classics, and discusses with the learned Heloise many phases of Virgil and Ovid and Horace. He is a striking personality rather than a handsome swashbuckling, young gallant. His is a mind, too, that always questions and argues. He seeks analogies, and, as we have quoted, finds in the architecture of the period a symbol of the coloring that religion was taking on. His mind is religious, but like Marius and Gaston de la Tour, he questions not religion itself, but the forms and beliefs that men have in his own day asserted to be the most definitive truths of the universe.

Sir Owen Asher in *Evelyn Innes* has the mind and absence of heart of the most Gallic aesthete. Still he is, as such, in the group of characters whose portraits Mr. Moore has chosen to put into his books. He is a dilettante in art, but is given to us in all seriousness. The pursuit of beauty is his chief occupation,

and a delicate refinement of life is absolutely necessary to his comfort and mental serenity. The purchase of Aubusson carpets, ormolu clocks, sideboards and Boucher drawings is not kept in motion merely by the anxiety of the collector for the selfish honor of a unique possession, but is motivated by the desire to have before him something that will please his carefully cultivated appreciation of the beautiful. He is always willing to assist Evelyn in the furnishing of her rooms. It is his opinion "that such exquisite exteriorities" are "only possible in a pagan century, when man is content to look no further than his steps of existence for the reason of his existence and his birthright," an idea echoing in a language, such as Pater used, the Cyrenaic doctrine that Pater usually preaches.

There is another figure of Paterian tranquility, an almost silly personality in *Celibate Lives*; Wilfrid Holmes, who never does anything, never gets anywhere, lives on a stipend, plays the flute, composes melodies, writes about blackbird songs and passes out of the way. He is a kind of imaginary portrait. Here Mr. Moore is able to give a picture of a mild kind of life which would probably be pleasing to Pater. Even Ulick of *Ulick and Soracha* has something of this desire to retire from the world, a hope to find a spot, which he finds, where he will have peace and quiet. He is also an artist, and something of a fighter, though we are not given any pictures of his valorous deeds. His primary interests are life and the love of Soracha. They live together in calm and peace until her death, at which he seeks a monastery and a hermitage where he passes the remainder of his days.

These men whom Mr. Moore draws, and he is not as famous for his development of masculine characters as he is for his splendid portrayal of the feminine nature, Mike, Oliver Gogarty, Sir Owen Asher, Abelard, Joseph, Jesus, Hubert Price, and Ulick are united by that common bond of intellectual aesthetic interest either in nature or in art.

Of the women whom Mr. Moore has added to the collection of important figures in English fiction, two or three have the same qualities, the same intellectual-aesthetic consciousness that models found in Pater are so imbued with. Kate Ede and Esther Waters are not of this group. The former came

before Mr. Moore was under the influence of Pater and the latter, while showing an appreciation once or twice of the beauty of nature, does not have the characteristics or background of a Paterian creation. Evelyn Innes and Heloise, on the other hand, show decidedly exceptional features. Mr. Moore has transferred some of the phases of Marius' life into the life of Evelyn Innes, and has put into the feminine mind certain interests which are concerned with art, philosophy and religion. The appearance of Esther Waters, a picture of sordid servant and lower middle class life, comes rather unexpectedly in the midst of a series of works having to do with art or at least a higher sort of life than the realistic novel of Zolaesque quality deals with.

Evelyn Innes has much more to her. She is born into a home in which the culture naturally attendant upon people interested in music, is found. Her father, Mr. Innes, has a great interest in reviving old music (he is probably a reproduction of Arnold Dolmetsch), but Mr. Moore would find his work sympathetic because it is akin to the revival of old languages, a fondness for which he obtained from the pages of *Marius* and which was intensified by his associations with the Irish Renaissance. Evelyn has something of that quiet culture that is granted to Marius by the associations of a tranquil home and a gentle, intellectual atmosphere, with a good proportion of religious feeling and training. As a comparatively young girl she goes to the convent of the Passionist sisters for a retreat and is deeply impressed by the beauty of the mild and serene life led within the cloister. This experiment is comparable to the impression which Marius takes away from the semi-religious hospital of the cult of Aesculapius. It is a kind of preparatory note for that which is to follow and forms the basis of his and Evelyn's future lives, for Marius realizes the necessity of having the *sana mens in corpore sano*, and Evelyn realizes the beauty of a religious life.

She has in common with Kate Ede and Esther Waters and, if you will, Heloise, the stigma of being seduced and taken from her home by a man. This repetition of the ground for action is also a method found in Pater whose Marius, Gaston, Duke Carl and Emerald Uthwart are all the same man with many of the same aspirations and thought processes thrown into different ages and circumstances.

Kate Ede is seduced in an atmosphere reeking of ugly, coarse passion, but Evelyn's destruction is accomplished to the sound of violins, and in the presence of an exquisite externality. This is the difference that has come with the reading of Pater. Sir Owen Asher and she are in love, but he sees a future prima donna; she sees a love-life and fame enveloped in satins and gold, a life made up of sound and color, a serene vibration of sensation. She goes away from home to seek art, and she finds it in Paris, just as Marius found in the Rome of his day, the lush beauty of a ripe art, a richness that is all but incomprehensible.

The life in art and ideas begins. Evelyn is introduced to all the most beautiful things that the most cultivated era of Western civilization has known. Sir Owen is her guide and mentor. He instils skepticism and unbelief into her mind. With him she reads philosophies that pulverize her religion to a fine dust. Her moral fabric breaks, as Owen determined it should, and she becomes his mistress. With him she visits the galleries of Europe and sees the finest pictures that have been painted; he awakens in her the sense of beauty in architecture. She purchases rare and beautiful furniture, equally rare and lovely drawings. But above all these modes of art comes music, which is Evelyn's chosen work.

There are pages of musical criticism throughout the book which are comparable to the pages of literary and philosophical criticism which are found in Marius. Evelyn's life becomes a series of exquisite moments lived in her art and her love (the actual physical picture being somewhat hidden by Mr. Moore). But her art colors all her acts. We are carried through the entire history of music from the motet ecclesiastical music of the medieval church through the great days of Handel, Bach and Mozart, down to the age in which Mr. Moore lives and Wagner reigns supreme, and the world pilgrimages to Bayreuth to pay him homage. Music is the supreme sensuousity of Evelyn's life. Her father has prepared the way with the best instruction in the historical study of music, teaching her to sing by ear, giving her lessons in the music which really requires the most cultivated musical intellect to appreciate its subtleties and values. It is a part of her life, something which she cannot leave, never

does in fact, for at the close of *Sister Teresa* she is teaching a pupil to sing a song by Handel, which she herself is no longer able to sing, since she has lost her voice. She passes into the art of Wagner, singing it as it has never been sung before, becomes the Isolde par excellence and is preparing to sing that most difficult of all parts, Kundry in *Parsifal*. We hear comparisons between the music of one man and the music of another composer; they are evaluated for us through her thought, through the conversation that she hears—her father's, Ulick Dean's, Owen's.

Behind all this lies a great struggle, which, of course, is not so apparent in the early part of the book as in the later, and in the sequel. She is subject to reversions of conscience. She has been reared a good Catholic and the sense of church has been made an integral part of her mind. Her early religious instinct is only temporarily put to sleep under the strong intellectual dose of atheism that Owen gives her. Perhaps the memory of the quiet, cloistered life of the convent where she made her adolescent retreat has never entirely been erased. Having drained most of the copious draught of the world's beauty that her position and work naturally bring to her, she arrives at a place in which the pleasure of the senses palls upon her. Having lost her moral sense, or having decided to lay it aside, she gradually realizes, like Marius, that she cannot do without it. This revelation comes to her after she has partaken of the most exquisite pleasures, as well as sensuous enjoyments.

Ulick Dean is the beginning of this return to faith, not that Ulick himself directs her toward Catholicism, but because he, as a believer in the continuous revelation of divine things, excites in her an intellectual interest in religious problems.

"These ideas, which she heard for the first time, especially interested her. Owen's agnosticism had given her freedom and command of this world, but it had made a great loneliness in her life which Owen was no longer able to fill. Life seemed a desert without some form of belief, and notwithstanding her success, her life was often intolerably lonely. She had often thought of the world's flowers and fruits as mere semblance of things without true reality, and what seemed a beautiful garden, a mere, hard, dry, brilliant desert. It was only at certain moments of course that she thought of these things, but sometimes these thoughts came quite unexpectedly upon her, and she could not

conceal from herself the fact that she was lonely in her soul, and that she was growing lonelier. She was wearying a little of all that visible world, beginning to hunger for the invisible, from which she had closed her eyes so long, but which, for all that had never become wholly darkened to her."¹³

This is the reopening of an old, long-closed room in her life. The work, however, of gradually throwing wide that musty apartment is accomplished through her senses because she returns to St. Joseph's, the church in which her father is organist, where the beauty of the service, and the ancient music nearly overcome her agnosticism. Then comes Monsignor Mostyn, the handsome, polished, and ideal cleric who shows her intellect certain logical formulae with which she may regain her lost hope. After some time, she can admit to herself that she has regained a certain portion of her belief, but only because the beautiful service of the church leaves her with a sense of spiritual exaltation.

"She knew that the beauty of the ritual, the eternal psalms, the divine sacrifice, the very ring of the bell, the antiquity of the language, lifted her out of herself, and into a higher, more intense ecstasy than the low medium of this world's desires. And if she did not believe that the bread and wine were the true body and blood of God, she still believed in the Real Presence."¹⁴

This reawakened religious sense is given an intensely moral bent by the necessity of the lies which she tells Owen Asher. Her relations with Ulick have been evil, for she has become his mistress. She struggles with her moral nature trying to make the "worse" seem the better part, for, as Mr. Moore tells us, she desired to be good and sincere.

She has experienced evil and seen evil, and the experiences have had the same effect upon her as the luxuries and deceptions, the hideous side of the paganism of an ancient world had upon Marius. It is after he has seen the horrors of the arena that this necessity for a sense of good and evil is brought home to him. He arrives at a conclusion:

¹³ *Evelyn Innes*, p. 215.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 293.

"Surely evil was a real thing, and the wise man wanting in the sense of it, when, not to have been, by instinctive election, on the right side, was to have failed in life."¹⁵

There is much talk in *Marius the Epicurean* of the morality of the day. Cornelius Fronto pronounces a discourse on the *Nature of Morals*, and there are many allusions to this problem which is so closely allied to the religious feeling, but which has a certain superficial quality to it—a rational not an emotional morality, a quantity in that harmonious formula of a perfect life. It is a preparation in the instance of Marius, however, for the religious feeling that is to be intensified in him when he visits the subterranean Christian church his eyes and ears are filled with the physical pleasure that is transmuted to a sense of moral sympathy.

"It was still indeed, according to the unchangeable law of his temperament, to the eye, to the visual faculty of mind, that those experiences appealed—the peaceful light and shade, the boys whose very faces seemed to sing, the virginal beauty of the mother and her children. But, in his case, what was thus visible constituted a moral or spiritual influence, of a somewhat exigent and controlling character, added anew to life, a new element therein with which consistently with his own chosen maxim, he must make terms."¹⁶

It was not entirely new to Marius either, for the older religion in which he had been reared was not without its morality, but it was a morality of custom, a half negative ideal in which the participants acquiesced with a mild-mannered good taste. The new religion's morality demanded a kind of enthusiasm and positive force to put it into effect. Marius finds in no other ritual, in no other company, the satisfaction of that natural thirst for worship that is innate in him.

Just before he dies he attends for the last time the "sweet singing of the Eucharist." As he follows the service, he half realizes the presence of a great multitude, a power perhaps greater than himself.

¹⁵ *Marius the Epicurean*, p. 200.

¹⁶ *Marius the Epicurean*, p. 285.

It is this very effect that the services of the church have upon Evelyn who learns the obligation of feeling sympathy for the sorrows of others. At first it is much against her will, but gradually she learns, like Marius, that something is required of her. At first she is reluctant, almost determined not to have this forced upon her. In an interview with Monsignor Mostyn this very matter is discussed. He proposes that she can do much good.

"Returning to the question of concert singing, he begged her to consider the money she could earn, and the good use she could put it to. There were so many deserving cases, really sad cases, which he could bring to her notice; and once we are brought into touch with the poor, it is extraordinary the sympathy they discover in our hearts."

"I'm afraid, Monsignor, you are mistaken in me. I do not think I could be of much use in philanthropic work."

"But my dear child, you have not tried."

"You will think me wicked, Monsignor, but I fear I do not even wish to try—that is not the direction my sympathy takes me."¹⁷

Nevertheless she sells her pictures. She determines to do good, and after much vague starting, she calls upon a philanthropic woman who could have been making a career in journalism but who gives her attention to relieving the wants of the poor. This is some encouragement to her, and she returns home to prepare some things to take to the impoverished. When she learns that the Passionist Sisters are in dire need of money, she begins to earn for their sakes.

At last she begins her work in the slums, where Owen finds her among a crowd of dirty children, working at charity. He visits her home where her maid tells him that she is indeed changed and that Ulick Dean, who sees her occasionally, respects her new opinions.

She goes to the convent hoping to find there the peace of mind and conscience that she has so long sought. She endures a long struggle, with herself and the call to return to the life of the world. In the convent she finds much to please her sensuous

¹⁷ *Sister Teresa*, pp. 29 and 30.

nature. In the first place, the religious music must be improved. She sings for the sisters, attracts large congregations to the chapel, and eventually her voice is the means of paying off the heavy financial encumbrances of the order. She is pleased with the sexless, quivering voices of the nuns who look so beautiful in their grey habits, seated behind the grating, bowing, kneeling and chanting the service before the Sacrament. She is made an assistant in the sacristy where she delights in the fragrance of lavender and orris root that fills the large, cool wainscoted room. She can revel in the "great copes in satin and brocade, gold and white with embroidered hoods, and orpheries with veils to match." We are reminded very strongly of the pleasure that John Norton took in handling them as he showed them to Mr. Hare, and how the rich, antique vestments of the ecclesiastics are given prominence in *Marius the Epicurean*. She determines to become a nun, but the spiritual struggle through which she must go in this final act of her change of life is very great. Many of her old doubts come back. She is not sure that she believes in the Real Presence, and she does not feel that she can make her profession before she accepts this tenet of the Church. Evelyn, now Sister Teresa, reads a great deal and meditates much upon these religious matters, theological quibblings perhaps. Even after she has become Sister Teresa, she does not believe at times in the Real Presence of God in the sacramental wafer, and the theological discussions which she has with her confessors show that she still looks at religion with a somewhat skeptical and intellectual eye. The exquisite raptures and the beauty of the Wagnerian music return to torture her; and her life in art and love returns to be lived there in imagination as she lies on her bed. She tries to pray and cannot find words to express her thought. At the Elevation she thinks of her dreams of the Ring music. She becomes ill with worry and at last she determines to leave the convent, thinking that she has no vocation for the religious life—this mild and peaceful life of faith and virtue that she once thought so beautiful. The prioress sends for Monsignor Mostyn who comes to succor Evelyn in her distress, but when she sees him she faints and is ill in bed for months. She recovers but does not have a certain conviction that she is to remain in the

convent. At last a cold and strain take away her voice and she no longer desires to live in the world, and when Mademoiselle Heilbron leaves her a year later, after she has paid her a short visit, she believes that the loss of the voice was the determining factor in Evelyn's decision. We are never certain that Evelyn's belief is faith, any more than we are that Marius's is faith in the new religion that he found so satisfying in many ways. He is a spirit almost Christian, but not quite; there are still certain intellectual doubts, and he dies perhaps the most complete of skeptics. Evelyn passes into the life of the nunnery, probably not believing but seeking the calmness and serenity of the life that is given her there.

Heloise likewise becomes a nun but not until she has had many of the experiences that the world can give. She too is an intellectual doubter, being much enraptured by the splendor of the classics, to which she is introduced by her uncle and by Abelard. She accepts religion as she accepts the air she breathes, a something that need not be thought about. She confesses to Abelard that she has not a religious mind, and it is quite apparent that she is interested more in the problems of literature and art than she is in the problems of morals. After she has had her child, she does not care whether she marries or not. Abelard is to go on and rise in the church; she can spend her time educating their son. When she is not at that work, she is in the convent library laboring upon the manuscripts and books that delight her so much. But she, like Evelyn—like so many of Moore's characters—turns to the life of religion and quietness in the end.

V

ART, THOUGHT AND STYLE

The direct tributes which Mr. Moore has paid from time to time to Pater have been quoted and analyzed in the first chapter of this work. There follow more or less indirect compliments which occur throughout Mr. Moore's writing, not regularly, but very frequently, like the allusions to Pater, and which take the form of thoughts and interests that the reading of Pater has caused to arise in Mr. Moore's mind. There are several reasons for believing that certain phases of Mr. Moore's intellectual and aesthetic bent have come through Pater. In the first place, the particular phases are either the subjects of Pater's essays or *Imaginary Portraits*, or they are alluded to in his works, and especially in the works which Mr. Moore criticizes. In the second place, a number of these divisions of cultural history and details are remarked by Mr. Moore in the parts of his writings given over to a discussion of Pater and to his associations with him. And thirdly, we may well believe, since Mr. Moore has praised Pater so highly, since he claims such an intimacy with his works and since Pater seems to be frequently on his mind, that many of the chief beauties and devices of the latter's style and method will arise constantly to his consciousness.

At the close of the first chapter we listed a number of the features in Pater's works that have impressed Mr. Moore.¹

The admissions which Mr. Moore has made do not include all the Paterian thoughts and interests which he has taken from the pages of the elder man. There are one or two instances which will be cited in this chapter in which Mr. Moore has given us the hint by an allusion to an essay or phrase of Pater's which leads us to believe that certain later expressions of the same idea are indebted to the pages of the Oxford tutor for inspiration, at least.

¹ v. Chap. 1, p. 34.

A great part of Mr. Moore is aesthetic—using the word in the sense of an interest in artistic things which appeal to the eye, the ear, and to the olfactory nerves. The rest of Mr. Moore is amorous and realistic. Pater was essentially aesthetic, choosing to live a secluded life in which he could organize and accord his conduct with a philosophy of beauty. Mr. Moore found in reading Pater a soul partially congruent to his own, but one whose viewpoint was not that of the man of the world but of the toilsome intellectual. Mr. Moore came to the reading of Pater with a soul emotionally prepared to receive a new god, but with a mind not intellectually capable of completely comprehending him. He instinctively realized his greatness, but was obliged to furbish up his knowledge of the characters and ages with which Pater dealt, never having seen life from the angle of the Greek practice of Epicurean restraint, nor after an evaluation of the factors which had evolved the Renaissance. He was fascinated by the ideal of Pater's thought and writing. The subject matter, as well as the style and presentation, held his attention, and quite evidently holds it to the present.

One of the paragraphs which we find in *Avowals* is a discussion of the essay on Botticelli found in *The Renaissance* which Moore considers the most perfect of all the essays, perhaps valuing the nascent charm and freedom of thought that is very evidently bursting through the stiffness and morality of Gothic art.²

He alludes to Botticelli in *Mike Fletcher*, who in thinking of Lily Young imagines "sudden sights of her face more exquisite than the Botticelli women in the echoing picture galleries."³ We are reminded of the attention which Pater gives to the quaint figures, the "peevish-looking Madonnas", the frame of the figure of Venus rising from the sea, and the allegorical figures in gray and austere lights. This treatment cannot be construed as a parallel passage, but it suggests in its way the entire essay which Mr. Moore has admired so much.

On the other hand, he has introduced into *Lewis Seymour and Some Women* a long critical passage, put into the hero's

² v. Chap. 1, p. 28.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 183.

mouth, that parallel in many respects the essay in *The Renaissance*.

Lady Helen and Lewis have eloped to Twickenham where they have hired a villa from a certain Mrs. Cartwright, through which they are shown by a "comely maid" (and we beg to remind the reader that "comely" was a favorite with Pater). Lewis persuades Helen to pose for him while he paints, and finds in her a perfection of form which amazes him. An artistic discussion arises, in which he berates the weakness of modern artists for painting women for their sex and not for their beauty. He suddenly says that the first Venus is Botticelli's; so they search among the books in the library for works on art which will carry their argument farther. Helen finds a *Life of Botticelli*, and his works, as well as the works of Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto.

Lewis tells Helen how Botticelli goes back to the end of the fifteenth century before which time there had been very little painting, and how he became pious and religious late in life. This is approximately what Pater tells us in his essay on Botticelli.

The two of them turn over the pages until they reach the *Birth of Venus*.

" 'The Birth of Art' it might be called; and they sat admiring the figure standing on the shell, that kind and beneficent zephyrs were blowing onwards 'rising,' Lewis said, 'out of the grief of the Middle Ages.' The first blossom of the Renaissance comes to us hiding her sex with a tress of hair. Not knowing how she will be received, she comes timidly. She has heard of the monk, Savonarola, the one that the good Pope Alexander VI caused to be put to death along with his company, three other of the same kidney. A detestable man was Savonarola . . . he wanted to revive the Middle Ages . . . Whether the idea was present in the painter's mind we do not know, but consciously or unconsciously he painted her afraid."⁴

Pater has written:

"He is before all things a poetical painter, blending the charming of story

⁴ *Lewis Seymour and Some Women*, p. 296.

and sentiment, the medium of the art of poetry, with the charm of line and color, the medium of abstract painting . . .

"What is strangest is that he carries this sentiment into classical subjects, its most complete expression being a picture in the Uffizzi, of Venus rising from the sea, in which the grotesque emblems of the Middle Age, and a landscape full of its peculiar feeling, and even its strange draperies powdered all over in the Gothic manner with a quaint conceit of daisies . . ."

"He has the freshness, the uncertain and diffident promise, which belong to the earlier Renaissance itself, and make it perhaps the most interesting period in the history of the mind. In studying his work one begins to understand to how great a place in human culture the art of Italy had been called."

This "uncertain and diffident promise of the earlier Renaissance" is exemplified in the "timidity" which Mr. Moore finds in the Venus, and which is the "spring" in the Primavera, which Pater does not criticize. Lewis is made to emphasize the return to life of the fifteenth century, and to insist upon the possibility of Botticelli having premonitions.

"Be this as it may, he could not keep the spring out of his work even when painting madonnas, women with a look of surprise in their eyes, we know not whether to call it gladness or sorrow, sorrow rather than gladness, for they are not sure that they have not come before their time. 'It is a wonderful thought to ponder,' Lewis said, 'whether Botticelli was conscious that the spring was breaking, or if he only knew it instinctively, and said he would like to believe that Botticelli was aware of the extraordinary circumstance of the world in which he lived; but he admitted that a contemporary never knows if he be living in a great or a humble period. So it must have been instinct as vague and as intense as that which animates birds and trees that caused Botticelli to put that strange look of surprise upon his Madonnas, and to paint St. John and the Holy Babe from village boys without alteration, and to leave these suddenly to paint the springtide in an April wood choosing for the first group three women with linked hands raised in a mystic dance, their fans telling us of the solemn rhythm that their feet are bent on following. As a contrast to these he placed a girl in a spotted dress, who might well be a Madonna in another picture and we wonder whether she is glad or sorry, whether she desires the satyr who with outstretched hands would seize her for his pleasure. In the picture she walks forward her eyes wide open like a somnambulist. What mission Botticelli had assigned to her Lewis could not remember . . . And then feeling that he was saying things worth saying so strangely intimate were they to him, he continued to talk for a long while,

telling many other things, saying that no story or order of ideas or action connects the figures in this picture, every one seeming to live and to act without knowledge of the next one. And to make plain his meaning, he spoke of the young man on the left gathering grapes, without regard to the rout of nymphs and satyrs pouring into the wood. Yet the picture he affirmed did not seem to him to lack synthesis . . . Yet it would be difficult to say how this unity had been obtained: whether it had been gotten by the all-pervading languor or by the dominating figure of Spring herself, heavy with child at the edge of the filmy wood—a strange and mournful figure, who overlooks the glad pageant apparently without seeing it, yet conscious of it. All we can say is that the gesture of one hand seems to imply something less than a benediction—a sort of acquiescence."

This elaborate analysis and interpretation of the *Primavera* is comparable to the carefully studied criticisms that Pater has given us in his essay. Many phrases and turns of thought which are found in his work are transferred either *in toto* or with a slight variation of wording or position to Mr. Moore's pages. We quote certain passages from Pater which may be found in the paragraph just taken from Moore, who emphasizes the same characteristics that appealed to Pater.

" . . . while the scene of the Centaurs wins one at once, for forgetful of the actual circumstances of their appearance, Botticelli has gone off with delight on the thought of the Centaurs themselves, bright, small creatures of the woodland, with arch baby faces and mignon forms, drawing tiny bows

"He has worked out in them [his Madonnas] a distinct and peculiar type, definite enough in his own mind, for he has painted it over and over again . . . For with Botticelli she too, though she holds in her hands the 'Desire of all Nations' is one of those who are neither for Jehovah nor for His enemies; and her choice is on her face. The white light on it is cast up hard and cheerless from below, as when snow lies upon the ground, and children look up with surprise at the strange whiteness of the ceiling. Her trouble is in the very caress of the mysterious child whose gaze is always far from her . . . and her true children are those others, among whom in her rude home, the intolerable honor came to her, with that look of wistful inquiry on their irregular faces which you see in startled animals—gipsy children such as those who in Apennine villages still hold out their long brown arms to you, but on Sundays become *enfants au chœur*, with their thick black hair nicely

combed, and fair white linen on their sunburnt throats . . . Men go forth to their labors until the evening; but she is awake before them, and you might think the sorrow in her face was at the whole long day of love yet to come. An emblematical figure of the wind blows hard across the grey water moving forward the dainty lipped shell on which she sails, the sea 'showing his teeth' as it moves in thin lines of foam, and sucking in one by one the falling roses, each severe in outline plucked off short at the stock but embowered as Botticelli's flower always are. Botticelli meant all this imagery to be altogether pleasurable; and it was partly an incompleteness of resources, inseparable from the art of that time, that subdued and chilled it. But this predilection for minor tones counts also; and what is unmistakable is the sadness with which he has conceived the goddess of pleasure as the depositary of a great power over the lives of men . . . He paints Madonnas but they shrink from the pressure of the divine child, and plead in unmistakable tones for a warmer, lower humanity. The same figure—tradition connects it with Simonetta, the mistress of Giuliano de Medici, appears again as Judith . . . and again as Veritas . . . where one may note in passing the suggestiveness of an accident which identifies the image of Truth with the person of Venus."

It is quite evident from the quotations given that Mr. Moore is echoing the essay in many respects, the light on the figures, the merely sensuous appeal of the paintings, the indifference of the faces, the village children; the same figures appearing in many paintings are strikingly like the Paterian phraseology. The impression which the study has made upon Moore's mind has evidently been very profound. It is a tribute to the older author that even one so well versed in the language of criticism as Mr. Moore should turn to him for ideas and expressions of ideas when he seeks to criticize a painter already made famous by the older man. Mr. Moore bases his own elaboration upon Pater's suggestions.

Nor is this all. Mr. Moore with the savagery of the man who abhors morality when it stands between him and his pleasures, makes Lewis bite hard into the reputation of Savonarola in his connection with the painter.

The next paragraph, beginning in a characteristically Paterian manner with a conjunction and a participle, continues the thought:

"And becoming interested in this strange painter, whose handicraft was

sufficient (when it was his) to keep the legend out of sight, and to charm us with the beauty of the thing represented, Helen asked Lewis to tell her some story relating to his life . . . and he told her how Botticelli's art had been blighted by the influence of a monk, one named Savonarola, who hated spring days and all their concomitants—laughter, dancing, kisses, and wine; and Botticelli would have destroyed his picture of Venus returning from the underworld if it had not passed out of his possession. 'His last years, Helen, were spent thinking how he might save his soul depicting Dante's hell.' "

This biographical material is introduced here as allusion, and formally into Pater's study.

" . . . he was invited to Rome to paint in the Sistine Chapel, and he fell in later life under the influence of Savonarola, passing apparently almost out of men's sight in a sort of religious melancholy . . . Vasari says that he plunged into the study of Dante and even wrote a comment upon the *Divine Comedy* So he becomes the illustrator of Dante . . . Giotto, and the followers of Giotto with their almost childish religious aim, had not learned to put that weight of meaning into outward things, light, color, every day gesture which the poetry of the *Divine Comedy* involves."⁵

Mr. Moore must always introduce sex into his writings and the discussion of the other Renaissance painters is much tinged with that element. They pass on to Titian who, he points out, painted beautiful things for their own sakes, and men and women whose poses and attitudes may be considered "sexual reveries," and adds that Titian was possessed only of a "pure desire to represent life in its fullness and beauty."⁶ He goes on to say that all Titian and Giorgione women are "sexual reveries."

"We may therefore admire and ponder this picture [Sacred and Profane Love] but we must not try to seek a meaning that may be confined into words and phrases. The meaning of a great picture is in its heart; it speaks to an inner sense like flowers; 'it rises to the condition of music'."

⁵ *The Renaissance*, Sandro Botticelli. These and the foregoing quotations from Pater.

⁶ *Lewis Seymour*, p. 262.

These sentences are inspired by the essay on the school of Giorgione in *The Renaissance*, and much of the criticism of Botticelli is colored by the main theme of the essay.

"All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music . . . the interpenetration of a work of art with the form of it, a condition realized absolutely only in music, as the condition to which every form of art is perpetually aspiring"

. . . are the thoughts that are directly responsible for the subject and are transliterated in Mr. Moore. And with regard to the Titianesque and Giorgionesque Pater says:

"In its primary aspect a great picture has no more definite message for us than an accidental play of sunlight and shadow for a few moments on the wall or floor . . . And this primary and essential condition fulfilled we may trace the coming of poetry into painting"

The peculiar expression of the idea of abstract art which Mr. Moore has gained from Pater, has afforded him a theme for variation. Although he has not molded his thought to the entire style that Pater uses, he has pointed out the characteristics which appeal to him, very sexual characteristics it is true, and appreciated them in the tenor and key that Pater has employed.

The long remarks upon *The Renaissance* which occupy several pages in the volume of *Avowals* and which have been quoted rather completely in the first chapter of this work, contain certain opinions upon that famous essay and particularly famous passage which interprets the *La Gioconda*. We have quoted them in full,⁷ and it will be noted that having cast unfavorable repute upon Pater's one purple passage Mr. Moore concludes by admitting that even *it* is beyond reproach, its heavily perfumed prose to the contrary.

Leonardo da Vinci is mentioned many times in both the biographical and fictional writings of Mr. Moore. The nature of the allusions and their general context give us much assurance that Pater's interpretation of the works of this great man are

⁷ See Chap. I.

impressed deeply in the mind of Mr. Moore. In *Evelyn Innes* there are several passages which tell us that Mr. Moore is thinking of *La Gioconda*. It becomes here a figure of speech, a decoration, or a suggestion with which he dignifies Evelyn herself. In a scene between Evelyn and Owen Asher we have:

"When he looked up she answered him with a smile which she felt to be mysterious, and he perceived its mystery, for he compared it to the hesitating smile of the Mona Lisa, a print of which hung on the wall."⁸

Later on we have the effect of *Parsifal* upon Ulick Dean described in these words:

"To him *Parsifal* was a fresco, a decoration painted by a man whose true genius it was to reveal the most intimate secrets of the soul, to tell the enigmatic soul of longing as Leonardo da Vinci had done."

This passage echoes the opening and certain parts of Pater's essay.

"And not into nature only; but he plunged also into human personality, and became above all a painter of portraits; faces of a modelling more skillful than has been seen before or since, embodied with a reality which almost amounts to illusion in the dark air, to take a character as it was and delicately sound its stops suited one so curious in observation, in invention."

"But still by a certain mystery in his work, and something enigmatical beyond the usual measure of great men that he fascinates, or perhaps half repels . . . Two ideas were especially confirmed in him, as reflexes of things that had touched his brain in childhood beyond the depth of other impressions—the smiling of women and the motion of great waters . . . Curiosity and the desire of beauty—these are the two elementary forces in Leonardo's genius; curiosity, often in conflict with the desire of beauty but generating in union with it, a type of subtle and curious grace."⁹

The qualities which Pater applies to Leonardo are alluded to in Mr. Moore's discussions of that painter and also in some of his many criticisms of other painters, modern ones. In *Memoirs of My Dead Life* he discourses upon Degas' *Lecon de Danse* and writes:

⁸ *Op. cit.*, p. 16.

⁹ *The Renaissance: Leonardo da Vinci.*

"This picture betrays a mind curious, inquisitive and mordant . . . A portrait by Manet hangs close by, large, permanent and mysterious as nature. Degas is more intellectual, but how little is intellect compared with a gift like Manet's. Yesterday I was in the Louvre . . . Long ago the Mona Lisa was my adventure . . . but this year Rembrandt's portrait of his wife held me at gaze. The face tells of her woman's life, her woman's weakness, and she seems conscious of the burden of her sex, and of the burden of her own special lot—she is Rembrandt's wife, a servant, a satellite, a watcher. The emotion that this picture awakens is an almost physical emotion. It gets at you like music, like a sudden breath of perfume. When I approach her eyes fade into brown shadow, but when I withdraw they begin telling her story. The mouth is more than a little shadow, but what wistful tenderness there is in it! And the color of the face is white, faintly tinted with bitumen, and in the cheeks some rose madder comes thru the yellow. She wears a fur jacket, but the fur was no trouble to Rembrandt; he did not strive for realism. Grey pearls hang in her ears, there is a brooch upon her breast, and a hand at the bottom of the picture passing out of the frame, and that hand reminds one as the chin does, of the old story that God took a little clay and made man of it. That chin and that hand and arm are molded without display of knowledge as nature moulds"

"The other pictures seem dry, insignificant; the Mona Lisa celebrated in literature hanging a few feet away seems factitious when compared with this portrait; . . . The Mona Lisa is a sort of riddle, an acrostic, a poetical decoction, a ballade, a rondel, a villanelle, or ballade with double burden, a sestina, that is what it is like—a sestina or chant royal. The Mona Lisa being literature in intention rather than painting has drawn round her many poets. We must forgive her many mediocre verses for the sake of one incomparable prose passage. She has passed out of that mysterious misuse of oil paint, that and glazing of *terre verte*, and has come into her possession of eternal life, into the immortality of Pater's prose . . . The Mona Lisa and the *Lecon de Dause* are intellectual pictures; they were painted with brains rather than with temperaments."¹⁰

Mr. Moore has seen fit to indulge in a paragraph of original interpretation done after the manner of Pater, has selected a picture near the Mona Lisa, has derided Leonardo's masterpiece, given his opinion of the meaning, praised Pater himself and has wound up with a transposition of thought from the pages of *The Renaissance*.

¹⁰ *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, p. 56 ff.

"His problem was the transmutation of ideas into images
For there was a touch of Germany in that genius which, as Goethe said, had
'thought itself weary'—*müde sich gedacht*."¹¹

Intellectual painting! He has taken Pater's idea of poetry creeping into painting and given it definite names in his epitome of the *Mona Lisa*. This disquisition reappears in *Hail and Farewell!* with changes that make little difference in the meaning. He does not mention Pater in the later work, but speaks of "a prose passage that our generation had by heart."¹²

There is little doubt that Mr. Moore had the *Gioconda* in mind when he wrote the description of the portrait of Evelyn which hangs on the wall in her apartment.

"The grey background in which a casual ray of sunlight awoke tints more beautiful than in any eighteenth century watered silks delighted the eyes and held the mind prisoner; and out of all this miraculous grey the figure seemed to have arisen like an incantation, seemed to have grown as naturally as a rose grows among its leaves. Out of a grey tint and a rose tint a permanent music had been made and Owen often remembered the seeming accident which had got him to bring Evelyn to see the great painter"

We are bound to think of "The presence that rose thus strangely beside the waters, etc." And the striving of all the arts toward music is in the "permanent music" of Mr. Moore's sentence. Even the *Confessions of a Young Man* has suggestions of this sort of thing when Mr. Moore writes:

"Turner's 'Carthage' is Nature transposed and wonderfully modified. Some of the passages of light and shade there—those of the balustrade—are figures and his art is allied to Bach in sonority and beautiful combination In the novel the characters are the voice, the deeds are the orchestra."¹³

If we pass on through the development of art, we come to that rare French painter, Antony Watteau, whom Pater has suggested

¹¹ *The Renaissance*, p. 93.

¹² *Op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 273.

¹³ The first quotation is from *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, p. 78; the second from *The Confessions*, p. 173.

so delicately in *A Prince of Court Painters*, an imaginary portrait which appealed so strongly to Mr. Moore because it had a woman in it, and because the woman was in love with the man and because she dared not speak out, a combination that would normally give Mr. Moore a subject for a long conversation, which he did have with Pater.¹⁴ Among the many beautiful things of art that Evelyn and Owen have collected are drawings by Watteau, which are put in by Mr. Moore to suggest grace and delicacy; but the important part is the fact that Evelyn and Owen visit the Dulwich gallery to visit the Watteau. Evelyn goes there alone and looks at the various pictures. Especially one in which a young lady is playing the spinet while apparently thinking of other things—the outside world—a state which seems applicable to Evelyn herself.

"But she was soon drawn to the Watteau where a rich evening hushes about a beautiful carven colonnade, under which the court is seated; where gallants wear deep crimson and azure cloaks, and the ladies striped gowns of dainty refinement; where all the rows are full of amorous intrigue and vows are being pleaded and mandolins are playing; where a fountain sings in the garden and the dancers perform their pavanne or minuet, the lady holding her striped skirt and the gentleman bowing to her with a deference that seems a little mocking. An hour of pensive attitudes and whispered confidences and over every fan a face wonders if there is truth in love."¹⁵

This passage is perhaps better understood by a more profound study, found in *Memoirs of My Dead, Life* which supplements the purely pictorial quality of the writing about the colonnade with an interpretation of the spirit of Watteau quite similar to Pater's, and reminiscent of several passages in the *Imaginary Portraits*.

"I watch the trees and never weary of their swaying—solemnly silent and strangely green they are in the long, rainy days—excited where a breeze is blowing—in fine weather they gossip like frivolous girls! In their tremulous decline they are more beautiful than ever, far more beautiful than flowers. Now I am feeling myself—the very subconscious soul is speaking, and with

¹⁴ v Chap. I, p. 26.

¹⁵ *Evelyn Innes*, pp. 52 and 91.

what extraordinary loveliness did the long branches stand out of the stately plane trees like plumes; in the hush of sound and decline of light the droop of the deciduous foliage spoke like a memory. I seemed to have known the park for centuries; yon glade I recognized as one that Watteau had painted. But in what picture? It is difficult to say, so easily do his pictures flow into one another, always the same melancholy, the melancholy of the festival, what pain in the heart, that yearning for the beyond which all suffer whose business in life is to wear painted or embroidered dresses, and to listen or to plead with for sole variation that they who listen today will plead tomorrow. Watteau divined the sorrow of those who sit under colonnades always playing some part great or small in love's comedy, listening to the murmur of the fountain watching gentlemen advancing and bowing, bowing and retiring, dancing a pavanne on a richly colored carpet. Pierrot, the white sensual animal, the eighteenth century modification of the satyr of the faun, plays a guitar; the pipe of Pan has been exchanged for a guitar.

"As the twilight gathered under the plane trees my vision became more mixed and morbid, and I hardly knew if the picture I saw was the picture of the Dulwich Gallery or the exquisite picture in the Louvre *Un Assemblée dans le Parc*."¹⁶

Let us turn to Pater's "Prince of Court Painters" and find the place in which there is a resemblance to what we have just quoted.

"June 1717

And at last one has actual sight of his work—what it is. He has brought with him certain long-cherished designs to finish here in quiet, as he protests he has never finished before. That charming Noblesse—can it be really so distinguished to the minutest point, so naturally aristocratic? Half in masquerade, playing the drawing room or garden comedy of life, these persons have upon them not less than the landscape he composes, and among the accidents of which they group themselves with such a perfect fittingness, a certain light we should seek in vain upon anything real. For their frame work they have around them a veritable architecture—a tree architecture—to which those moss grown balusters *termes*, statues, fountains are really but accessories. Only, as I gaze upon those windless afternoons, I find myself always saying to myself, 'The evening will be a wet one.' The storm is always brooding through the massy splendor of the trees, above those sun dried glades or lawns, where delicate children may be trusted thinly clad; and the secular trees themselves will hardly outlast another generation . . .

¹⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 290 ff.

"And this book [*Manon Lescaut*] those fine ladies in Watteau's 'conversations', who look so exquisitely pure, lay down on the cushion when the children run up to have their laces righted. Yet the pity of it! What floods of weeping! There is a tone about it which strikes me as going well with the grace of these leafless birch trees against the sky, the pale silver of their bark, and a certain delicate odour of decay which rises from the soil."¹⁷

In these passages we have the apprehension of the falseness, the insincerity of so much of this outward beauty which Watteau paints but perhaps despises, the sadness which underlies the whole, a certain doubtfulness and striving for something which is perhaps unattainable. Mr. Moore has carried the thought of Pater into a more definite form in several instances, thinking probably of love and the stage more than Pater, but nevertheless inspired to write as though his master had mentioned a subject that he expected the younger man to think about and modify the interpretation of with his own experience. The trees which are so prominent a decoration, so delicately inwrought upon the web of the thought, are likewise made important elements of the beauty in Mr. Moore's passage. The passages are perhaps more similar in sentiment than in specific thought.

The Renaissance, with its revival of Paganism, would naturally meet with Mr. Moore's approval. He probably heard something about it in the salons and studios of Paris, though he seems to have gathered a stronger impression of ancient paganism than of the tempered paganism of the Renaissance, a really artistic paganism rather than a theoretic and aesthetic paganism such as the late nineteenth century sought for in the excesses that its young aesthetes tried. Pater, among the English students of the Renaissance, pointed out the spirit of happiness that the revival of arts and letters brought with it, modified somehow by the gloom of the Middle Ages—the combination of gloom and brightness that is everywhere apparent, but with the latter bursting then and finally overwhelming the stiff and grotesque spirit of the Renaissance. Mr. Moore began to find much to think of in the history of the Renaissance, and we read in one of the letters which

¹⁷ *Imaginary Portraits*, pp. 31 and 37. Cf. "Yet the pity of it" with "oh the pity of it!" Moore.

Michael Gogarty addresses to Rose Leicester that she is gaining only "a cultured apprehension of the Renaissance" and apparently is disgusted with her intellectual activity stopping short with "mere culture", an objective which is the obvious purpose of the writing of Pater's *Renaissance*. Another of Rose's letters is typified as a "piece of callous paganism." In *Hail and Farewell* we read that "all that Plunkett required was something of the genial spirit of the Renaissance",¹⁸ a decidedly Pater-like epithet, and part of the thesis of *The Renaissance*.

Pater in his study of the revival of learning traced its beginnings back to the survival in the Middle Ages of certain classical myths and ideals. He is constantly finding analogies, for instance, between decadent Greek art and medieval sculpture.¹⁹ Among those obscure tendencies which held a part of the attention of the folk and probably some of the learned of the so-called Dark Ages, was a sediment of pagan religion which took the form in one instance of a fantastic legend that the deities of Greece and Rome had survived and fled northward at the onslaught of Christianity and, disguised, had taken up occupation or new creeds or were busying themselves at such humble work as sheep herding or fishing. Heine's *Die Götter in Exil* was the source of Pater's ideas upon this phase of medieval thought, and the most famous products of his meditations upon it are *Apollo in Picardy* and *Denys L'Auxerrois*. There are, however, several instances of remarks in *The Renaissance* which bear upon this subject. The legend of Tannhäuser at Venusberg is alluded to in the *Two Early French Stories*; and he quotes largely from Heine at the beginning of the essay on *Pico della Mirandola* and in the study of Leonardo he remarks that the great master's painting of St. John set Gautier to thinking of Heine's notion.²⁰

Mr. Moore seems to have had this in mind, half humorously, when he wrote *Conversations in Ebury Street*, for there are three references to this specific interest which Pater had, and from whom Mr. Moore, no doubt, first learned of the conception since

¹⁸ *Op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 127.

¹⁹ Walter Pater, *Greek Studies*, p. 269.

²⁰ Gautier, Essay on Leonardo da Vinci in *The Louvre* Limited ed., p. 271, G. Sproul, New York, 1903.

he has never told us that Heine even interested him or that he has read much of the German. He writes: "There is perhaps nothing sadder in this world than Gods in exile;" and later, we have: "And Apollo having again withdrawn himself during my exile in Dublin."²¹ Still another allusion is to be found when he says: "But her great sisters [Terpsichore's] are nowhere to be discovered, and many think they have followed the Gods, who, Heine tells us, went into exile in the third century."

The idea of pagan gods surviving and reviving has been carried over into *Hail and Farewell* when he writes: "I suppose you have all heard of the report that I have reestablished the worship of Venus in this garden, bringing flowers to her statue every morning."²² And the same goes into fiction in *Ulick and Soracha*.

" . . . and Sir Ulick and the Princess Soracha might have lived undisturbed in Castle Carra enjoying whatever happiness their sins brought them if Sir Ulick had been content to live in the castle as he found it . . . he summoned his father's builders and ordered them to transform the old Irish fortress into the likeness of a French castle . . . An escaped man would not have been enough to rouse Ireland out of her war weariness, and it was not until statues of Venus and Apollo, and many other Gods and Goddesses were brought from France that the Irish people began to murmur, asking if the Paganism that St. Patrick had put out of Ireland was going to be brought back by Sir Ulick de Burgo . . . It was not until Princess Soracha dressed in a scarlet habit and, carrying a bow and quiver, led the chase through the forest that somebody cried: 'Diana of the Ephesians is among us!' . . . and a story arose . . . that Pagan worship was practised in Castle Carra . . . worse still that those among their dependents who consented to genuflect before Apollo and Venus were rewarded by presents of money and grants of patronage."²³

In this passage we have the introduction of paganism from a foreign country, a new art, superior characters partaking of unchristian interests, the suggestion that Diana is now embodied in Soracha, and the superstitious fears of the populace. All these are found in "Denys L'Auxerrois" and "Apollo in Picardy",

²¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. 166 and 189.

²² *Op. cit.*, p. 122.

²³ *Op. cit.*, p. 222.

both of whom are apparently reincarnated deities, geniuses in the arts, living under suspicion. Denys dies in a medieval reenactment of the Dionysiac revels, Apollyon flees after accidentally slaying Hyacinth with the traditional discus. The historical accuracy of Mr. Moore's detail may be doubted, and he probably could not disprove his anachronism. It is scarcely necessary to believe that the introduction of classical culture from France is to be found that early in the Middle Ages, where it was scarcely remembered on the Continent. The purpose of this incident is to create something beautiful, to call to mind the charming inconsistencies of the Middle Ages, the gradual return to the elegance and lightness of pagan life.

This return of classical literature and life, or lingering perhaps, of the older thought, is introduced in other ways into Mr. Moore's tale, which is an elaboration. We hear of Socrates, Hannibal, and Caesar and in a later page there is an allusion to Plato, and in that salacious incident toward the close in which so much stress is unnecessarily laid upon Tadhg's seeing Biddy naked:

"You are no better than a pagan, she said, for none but the pagans see each other naked; and after she exposes herself Tadhg says, 'None but the sculptors of old Greece could have mended you.'

"And Biddy is proud that Tadhg died saying that her back was 'like a willow branch and her rump as fine as anything ever dug up in Greece'." ²⁴

We know that Mr. Moore has read the acute criticisms of Hellenic art in *Greek Studies* because he speaks of it in *Avowals*; ²⁵ and he remembers in the same work that Pater complained of Plato's long sentences in *Plato and Platonism*. These allusions which we have brought forth are some evidence that Mr. Moore could easily be reminded of thoughts in Pater's studies when he was writing *Ulick and Soracha*, just as he is corresponding by remembering Pater and his works throughout his conversation and his critical works. A man who claims to have saturated himself with Pater and who has remained his ardent advocate through many years, is likely to use the thoughts that he has

²⁴ *Op. cit.*, pp. 67, 237, 281, 286.

²⁵ *Op. cit.*, p. 211; v. Chap. I, also.

taken from the object of his admiration; and since he seems never to have given much attention to the reading of Plato, nor to Greek art, seems never to have studied it (and he has tried to confess all his obligations) seriously, one may safely assume that he will take the thought of the man who has impressed him most deeply.

Perronik the Fool is the story written by Heloise for her Astrolabe, which was not published with the original *Heloise and Abelard* but appeared as a separate pamphlet later on. Mr. Moore has carried out the idea of the heathen gods acting as sorcerers and witches, planting in the middle of a Gothic land a classical temple adorned with sculpture strange and beautiful.

This is the elaborate description of the Greek Temple that he gives:

"But Gilles' heart was dry and his God mute, and in great perplexity he began to consider the style of architecture in which the temple was built. In Ionian or Doric, one or the other, he said; and his thoughts went back to the ten Doric columns that supported the pediment. These are found more, he said, on either side, and the sanctuary is square and vaulted, and the roof is of tiles, and he began to examine the statues in the niches, recognizing those of whom Redemonde had spoken to him.

"From the statues his eyes wandered to the pictures with which the walls were decorated, each one representing men and women engaged in agriculture, wreathing vines from tree to tree, wains laden with corn, girls dancing in the vats, crushing the grapes under their feet . . . and his thoughts began to wander . . . to the lamps, the goblets, the cruets, the jewelled ornaments, worn by the priests and priestesses of Satan."

It is perhaps a bit disconcerting to find a not altogether intelligent medieval knight making the distinction between Ionic and Doric orders of architecture, but it is at least interesting to find Mr. Moore introducing these pagan elements into medieval life, trying to show that the ancient classical and art and religion misunderstood was conceived of as the product of the Devil.²⁷

There is more of this in the succeeding paragraphs:

²⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 215.

²⁷ The worship of the vine and tree has received extended treatment in Pater's *Greek Studies*.

"And walking to the measure of the music, Redemonde came, her long thick hair falling into ringlets, floating over her shoulders; a many shapen and many colored crown, decked her head, and a silver moon shone upon her forehead, on either side of which serpents writhed amid ripe ears of wheat; her gown of shifting colors changed with every movement of the folds . . . her right hand held a timbrel which gave forth a clear sound, and in her left she carried a waxen image . . . Oh! great nature, Redemonde said, worshipped by man under different names till his eyes were turned from the kingdom of earth to the kingdom of heaven and sin was born into man, we, thy worshippers implore thee to come once again to grapple with thy rival Sabaoth, . . . oh! great Nature, Cybele in Phrygia, Minerva in Athens, Ceres in Eleusis, Isis in Egypt, Satan throughout Christendom."²⁸

Redemonde becomes a heathen priestess, a reincarnation perhaps, although we are not quite sure whether Gilles realizes her precise character despite his marvelous antiquarian gifts. The mention of many names familiar to us through Pater is in this last paragraph, Ceres, Minerva, Cybele, all of whom figure to some extent in the *Greek Studies* in one or two instances with different names. There is an echo also of the worship of the Devil, the black mass and the other orgies which are part of the fanciful story of the Middle Ages.

The practice of witchcraft and of devil-worship in the celebrated thirteenth century appears in *Heloise and Abelard*, where a very young nun, convicted of the practice, describes how she was obliged to fall down before an image of Satan wheeled about on a cart.

Heloise and Abelard are very interested in classical ideas and ideals. They become aware of some of the grace and the more comely way of conceiving life that Pater writes about in *Two Early French Stories*, specimens of early French prose, a prose which, we might say in passing, received mention in Mr. Moore; and the genial spirit of classical times frequently pervades the essay. Heloise concentrates this idea in one or two sentences:

²⁸ The quotations from *Perronik the Fool* are taken from the printing of it which appeared in *The Dial*, Vol. 71, p. 497. The page number of this quotation is p. 513.

" 'For beauty I shall have to go to the ancients,' she said, and Ovid's *Art of Love* seemed to her suitable for the occasion . . . [of the *Metamorphosis*] A wonderful imagination, she said, but not so near to the heart of poetry as Vergil . . . He loved life as life has ever been, as it will always be, bringing the earth in its holiness before us, the fields and all the shows of the seasons.'"²⁹

Mr. Moore has sought to make that quality of Abelard which accords best with the spirit of pagan life the most important. He gives a long description of how the famous philosopher lived as a troubadour, how he composed songs in the vernacular and lectured upon Virgil, Ovid, and Tibullus. We have pointed out in a former chapter that Heloise was pagan in spirit, having no interest in religion. While Mr. Moore is telling the love story of the twain, he is showing simultaneously the enlightening effect that the classical studies had upon both of them. His story is like the short sketch which Pater gives in the work just cited. It is a mere suggestion, and as Pater only points to the characteristics of an age or a person, it is necessary for Mr. Moore to imagine a great deal. For instance, Pater's sentence,

"Here and there, under rare and happy conditions, in pointed architecture, in the doctrines of romantic love, in the poetry of Provence, the rude strength of the middle age turns to sweetness."³⁰

contains the gist of *Heloise and Abelard*. He goes on to say of the profane poetry of Provence, the love poetry which Abelard composed so well:

"In that poetry, earthly passion, with its intimacy, its freedom, its variety, —the liberty of the heart—makes itself felt, and the name of Abelard, the great scholar and the great lover, connects the expression of this liberty of heart with the fine play of human intelligence around all subjects presented to it, with the liberty of the intellect as that age understood it."³¹

These points are emphasized throughout *Heloise and Abelard*, despite the weight brought to bear upon the purely amatory side of the story.

²⁹ *Op. cit.*, p. 103.

³⁰ *Renaissance*, p. 2.

³¹ *Ibid.*, p. 3.

And there are reminiscences of Greek philosophy of Heraclitus and Plato when Heloise says;

"I had plunged the soul into the flux of matter which has a perturbing influence."³²

The Heraclitean theory reappears in *The Brook Kerith* when Joseph receives from Mathias "a concise exposition of that philosopher's doctrine" with the result that Joseph is intensely interested and wishes to know more than Mathias, the Essene, deems good for him. The visits to Alexandria, the effects of contact with the Greeks are all explained by Mr. Moore in terms of enlightenment and a freeing of the intellect.

There are definite trends of thought in Mr. Moore's work which can be traced to his familiarity with Pater's fiction and criticism. There are many other instances of the effect upon Mr. Moore's mind of some phase, or suggestion which he has read in Pater and which has become, more or less involuntarily perhaps on Mr. Moore's part, a morsel of his intellect. He has been kind enough in many places to give specific instances of the slight idea that has been retained from reading Pater. One of these is the wrecked boat by the seashore which is mentioned in *The Confessions*.³³ The boat reappears in two instances. Evelyn and Owen in their elopement are affected by the sight of one.

"The sight of a broken and abandoned boat amid the sedge wakened a sense of dread, and they sought of an expiation of sin in this desolate region."³⁴

It turns up again after a quarter of a century in *Ulick and Soracha*, where we read how Tadhg, Ulick's servant, was shanghaied into Scotland and made over into a caretaker of a flock of geese and seeks for a means of escape to Ireland. Mr. Moore writes:

³² *Heloise and Abelard*, Vol. I, p. 76.

³³ *Op. cit.*, p. 84.

³⁴ *Evelyn Innes*, p. 94.

" . . . and soon after he found on the beach a boat abandoned or one that had drifted from some wrecked ship."³⁵

With these citations in mind, it is plausible to find others for which Mr. Moore has not given us a hint. The "yellowing marbles" that give Pater's prose a pleasant coloring in *Marius the Epicurean* have been mentioned, and the association of the yellow in *A Mere Accident* and decoration pointed out. The yellow marbles come into *Mike Fletcher* where we have a "gaunt fireplace yawning amid some yellow marbles," and in *The Untilled Field* in the story entitled *The Way Back* we find the yellow marbles again.

"You, my dear friend, Rodney, you tempt me with Italy and conversations about yellowing marbles."³⁶

We are reminded of the yellow or yellowing marbles that are mentioned in *Marius*.

Mr. Moore's mind being much attached to music, would of course, take very seriously the celebrated dictum that Pater has made concerning the relation of the other arts to music. We have given numerous examples of his appreciation of that saying and we may expect to find it applied to his own thought and criticism. In *Memoirs of My Dead Life* we read:

" . . . The art of landscape gardening is more akin to the art of a musician than that of a painter; it is a sort of architecture with color added. The formal landscape gardening of Versailles reminds one of a tragedy by Racine, but the romantic modulations of the green hills along the Piccadilly areas are as enchanting as Haydn."³⁷

Mr. Moore is thinking undoubtedly of that purely esthetic charm of the landscape, freed from any legend, a massing of form, light and shadow calculated to please the eye, a mixing of matter and form in indistinguishable combination, as it were. In

³⁵ *Op. cit.*, p. 149.

³⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 381. There is also a mention of a "yellowing colonnade" in *Mike Fletcher*, p. 294. Cf. *Conversations in Ebury Street*, p. 37.

³⁷ *Op. cit.*, p. 287.

another place he speaks of the Beethoven-like modulations of the countryside, or the modulations of the Beethoven-like countryside. While discussing art with A. E., he says: "Impressionism is a new melodic invention, invisible to you at present."³⁸ Since he has remembered so long that the objective of all the arts is to attain the perfection of music, to the absolute imaginative freedom that the best forms of that art permit to the listener. There is a possibility of his recollecting the saying that architecture is frozen music; but as he wrote the lines about landscape gardening being architecture with color, it is remote; and the similarity to the Paterian feeling and thought is striking. Pater is closer to his mind in art than any other critic.

The quotation from the conversation with A. E. brings out another passage which has a distinctly Paterian tone. It is found also in *Hail and Farewell* and has to do with A. E. himself.

"It was sad to lose him, and while walking to the wicket it seemed to me clear that he was the one who could restore to me my confidence in life; and when he left me, a certain mental sweetness seemed to have gone out of the air, and thinking of him I began to wonder if he were aware of his own sweetness . . . art with him is a means rather than an end; it should be sought, for by its help we can live more purely, more intensely, but we must never forget that to live as fully as possible is after all, our main concern."³⁹

We turn to *Marius the Epicurean* and read how Marius used art as a means to making his life a complete and lovely passage through time. The objective of his philosophy, his Cyrenaicism, was to make as full and rich an existence as possible, with a certain degree of restraint, a "rational" system of pleasures selected after "delicate ethical problems" have been solved. It permeates the two chapters entitled "Anima Vagula" and "New Cyrenaicism." Such a phrase as "mental sweetness" is characteristic of Pater also, and, "living more purely and more intensely" may also be found in *The Renaissance*.

³⁸ *Hail and Farewell*, Vol. I, p. 349.

³⁹ *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 350.

Among the many episodes in the life of Joseph of Arimathea which Mr. Moore has given in so much detail in the *Brook Kerith* is one that resembles rather closely an experience which came to Marius. Joseph in his efforts to arrive at an intellectual conception which he can believe to be truth, divides much of his time as we have already pointed out, between meditation and is association with men who might enrich his intellectual life. Among those who come within the circle is Nicodemus, the rich young man, who takes Joseph home with him. In this very Greek residence, whose owner curls his hair, wears bracelets and exhales scents, Joseph finds much to interest him.

" . . . and in the hours they spent together, his host's thoughts were much less occupied than Joseph expected them to be with the jewels on his neck and wrists, and the rich tassels on his sash. He talked of many things, but his real thoughts were upon arms; and he showed Joseph scimitars and daggers."⁴⁰

And so Joseph learns about the qualities of Damascene steel, but little is added to his spiritual treasure.

If we turn to *Marius the Epicurean* and look at the chapter entitled *On the Way*, we find that the hero of this story is admitted to the great villa of his friend Cornelius and,

"It was here, to while away the time, that Cornelius bethought himself of displaying to his new friend the various articles and ornaments of his knightly array—the breast plate, the sandals and cuirass, lacing them on, one by one, with the assistance of Marius, and finally the great golden bracelet on the right arm, conferred on him by his general for an act of valor. And as he gleamed there, amid that odd interchange of light and shade, with the staff of a silken standard firm in his hand, Marius felt as if he were face to face for the first time with some new knighthood or chivalry . . ."⁴¹

The casual friendship, the introduction to the villa, the interest in the arms, and the aesthetic atmosphere of both pictures are very similar.

⁴⁰ *Brook Kerith*, p. 202.

⁴¹ *Marius the Epicurean*, p. 141.

The interest that Marius had in purely intellectual problems, in the realms of ideas, "the poetic beauty in mere charms of thought, the actually esthetic charm of a cold austerity of mind",⁴² is reflected to a certain extent in a comment made upon John Norton, in *Mike Fletcher*, when John is living in the Temple.⁴³

"These artistic discussions—when in the passion of the moment, all the cares of life were lost and the soul bathed in pure idea—were full of attraction and charm for John, and he often thought he had never been so happy."

Celibates has a sentence that reminds us of the saying of Pater's that there is no sex in Greek art when some one says:

"In the studio a woman puts off her sex. There is no sex in art."⁴⁴

There is another passage in *Conversations in Ebury Street* which combines two ideas from *Marius* and *The Renaissance* . . .

"but this judgment will be reversed by a memory of Vergil's line,
Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

The words rise to the surface of the mind like a strain of music; they have attained to the condition of music in the long years."⁴⁵

The Latin quotation is the title of a chapter in *Marius*, and the latter part of the quotation is too well known to be traced. The presence of this second part is proof that the Latin has been lifted from *Marius*.

It is also interesting to remark in Mr. Moore's play *Elizabeth Cooper* an allusion to the hedonistic practice of *Marius*, which is an anachronism of a kind for, although Mr. Moore published the play in 1914, the time is in the sixties of the last century. The plot of the drama is unimportant here, but one incident, or bit of dialogue in the course of the action, reflects the doctrine which Pater concentrated in his novel. The two chief characters

⁴² *Marius*, p. 102.

⁴³ *Op. cit.*, p. 168.

⁴⁴ *Op. cit.*, p. 3.

⁴⁵ *Op. cit.*, p. 314.

discussing their respective conditions in life, use in a humorous way the Cyrenaic philosophy.

"Davenant: Love adventures are things that no man should be without, not for all the world; but to continue after fifty, if one can continue, would be to rob life of variety. Whereas by a little act of renunciation one creates a new life, quite different from the old.

"Sebastian: A sort of epicurean asceticism.

"Davenant: That is it. A life in which the pleasures of others not only to throw no shadow on us, but uplift the heart."⁴⁶

Such was Marius' philosophy of life, and thus does Mr. Moore make an imaginary gentleman, who even in the realms of fiction could never have heard of the hedonistic Roman of the early decadence, express ideas parallel to those expressed by Pater not only in *Marius* but also in many of his later essays. No one before Pater had emphasized the quality of restraint in refined pleasure—and Mr. Moore is undoubtedly thinking of the ideals of Pater and almost approaching his style.

Evidences of the influence of Pater's style upon Mr. Moore are somewhat elusive. This statement holds true of the manner pervading the entirety of Mr. Moore's works after he had read *Marius*. From so insistently avowed an admiration for Pater, we might expect a rather close imitation of Pater's stylistic peculiarities. But perusal and study of the works do not bring out superficially, at least, many of the mannerisms of the master. And the style of Pater is easily imitated by any one who will take pains for a time. Its complex sentences, its ornament, its long rhythms, its carefully wrought out cadences, its repetitions and parenthetical expressions, apparently unnecessary but in reality integral parts of the effect which Pater wishes to produce, may be picked up and woven together as neatly by an imitator as by the man who so carefully devised the languid music of this writing.

A thorough and useful study of Pater's style in connection with those of Johnson, Addison and Hazlitt has been made by

⁴⁶ *Elizabeth Cooper*, p. 75.

Zilpha E. Chandler⁴⁷ and several excellent paragraphs summarizing the qualities of Pater's style. In one place the author of the study writes:

"Pater's prose, on account of its symmetrical phrasing, and its smooth inconspicuous structure, on account of its exquisite exactness of diction and its atmosphere suggestive of quiet, has all the beauty of refined and harmonious expression; but because the words are lifeless and the atmosphere wrought so largely for effect, because the sentences are wanting in movement and the phrases in obviously coherent arrangement, his style is seldom clear and never in any sense forceful."⁴⁸

In this paragraph Miss Chandler gives us several phrases which are very expressive of the qualities of Pater, "the smooth inconspicuous structure"; the "atmosphere suggestive of quiet", "a style . . . never in any sense forceful." In another place Miss Chandler says: "Pater sought beauty" that was more to him than force and brilliance.

Mr. Moore's first impressions of Pater's style were those of the delicate cadences of the words, which made him appreciative of the esthetic sound or sensuous value of the English language. we have pointed out in the first chapter of this study certain suggestive phrases and well-cadenced sentences with a vocabulary and atmosphere much like that found in Pater's *Marius*. There are, it is true, some parenthetical and qualifying clauses introduced into the composition of the narrative description and dialogue, but these are not carried even to the excesses that we find in Pater. The heavy piling-up of phrase upon phrase, the slow movement, the sentence resulting from this practice, the complex sentences (sometimes ungrammatical) that are found in Pater, do not immediately appear in Mr. Moore's work. He quite evidently did not become an ardent imitator of Pater's style as soon as he had read him for the first time.

The occasions on which Mr. Moore makes criticism of Pater's style are several, and have been quoted in the foregoing chapters,

⁴⁷ *An Analysis of the Stylistic Technique of Addison, Johnson, Hazlitt and Pater*, Zilpha E. Chandler, University of Iowa Humanistic Studies, 1st Ser., No. 147, January 15, 1928.

⁴⁸ *Op. cit.*, p. 88.

more especially in the first. It will be well, however, to review them summarily, to arrange them in some definite conjunction and to draw some conclusions from them in this part of our study in order to provide ourselves with a theory which may be applicable to Mr. Moore's own style, *i. e.*, Mr. Moore's defined understanding of the technique of the elder man's style. It is in the *Confessions* that we find the criticism of Pater's style as giving "genuine pleasure in the language itself". In *Vale* we read of "The tide of honeyed words"; and we have the imitation of the Paterian manner in *A Story Teller's Holiday* showing that Moore is quite able to bend his thought to the gentle flow of his master's style. His manner of writing "here and there", acquired through Gosse from Pater and spoken of in the *Avowals* is somewhat puzzling since even the rather complex sentence structure does not remind the reader of Pater. It must be concluded that Mr. Moore's "here and there" refers to the allusion and comparison to be found in the essay. This manner is characteristic of the scholarly Pater who was well read in ancient and continental literature, from which he drew many comparisons to hold up beside any English author he might be criticizing. Nor was it necessary that his subject be in English letters; Pater was constantly finding analogues and parallels in the art of one period to the art of another—in sculpture for instance, between the late Greek statues and the figures around the porch of Chartres, let say. The introduction to *The Renaissance* is full of this comparison of different ages, men and countries. It is to be found also in *Miscellaneous Studies*. Mr. Moore follows in the tradition by comparing the characters in Jane Austen's various novels, and by referring to Balzac's, Turgueneff's, Rabelais', Shakespeare's, Giotto's and others' likenesses. In such a way does he approximate the Paterian manner which he desires to imitate.

Perhaps it is the recollection of Pater's "Essay on Style" in *Appreciations* that makes Mr. Moore so exacting in the use of figures and words. Pater held, as we all know, that the figure of speech is dangerous tending to leave the wrong image in the mind of the reader, and that words should be applied with the nicest care to the thought which the author wishes to express—"the word's adjustment to its meaning" is what Pater says

exactly. When Mr. Moore lays such damning strictures upon Hardy's style, his destructive criticism is based apparently upon the *dicta* which Pater has set forth, for he objects to Hardy's application of the rest "to writhe" to pools of water and tells us that the image of the violets slowly turning under (a bit of exact description which is really not a figure of speech) reminds him of ducks diving in a pond. He objects to the simile of "ingredients in a cauldron" as being unpoetic.⁴⁹

To return to the discussions of Pater's style which Mr. Moore has given us: in *Avowals* he writes that Pater used conjunctions to join his sentences in an effort to get murmurous melody, and that he tried to make his own prose like music, just as he had suggested the tendency for all the arts. He reminds us that Pater looked toward the paragraph, the page, and the book. He says in another place that the style springs from his manner of thinking and is the perfect expression of his mind; and he knows that Pater claimed for good style unity of subject and language.

When these judgments are pieced together, we find that Mr. Moore is much interested in the technique and secrets of the Paterian style even though he does not model his own upon it. However, he follows at a distance. Undoubtedly the introduction of nature such as we have treated—the suggestion of beautiful sights and sounds—sensuous delicacies, so characteristic of Pater, are part of the influence upon Mr. Moore's style. The other influences are found chiefly in words, sentence structure and general atmosphere.

These acquisitions do not superficially resemble Pater and must be traced to the application of theory rather than to imitation. This condition makes this particular influence subtle and difficult to place one's finger upon. It is probably easier to do it by showing the contrast between the pre-Paterian works and the rather recent publications. The rewritings evidence the effect at times; but not always as one would expect. *A Mummer's Wife* contains many of the characteristics of his earlier style when he was anxious to portray the ugly—the so-called real facts of life.

"The mothers, whose thoughts had been travelling for some time in the

⁴⁹ *Conversations*, p. 119.

same direction, were delighted. No marriage could in their eyes be more desirable. Religious opinions coincided, and dress making was a suitable to the drapery business. Kate brought the talent, Ralph the means of putting it into execution, and very soon after she was installed in her own workroom. Of love small mention was made. The bridegroom spoke of his prospects of improving business, the bride listened, interested for the while in his enthusiasm; orders came in, and Kate was soon transformed into a hard-working woman."⁵⁰

It is a crude style without musical effect, grating upon our sense of beauty and marring our enjoyment of the book. There is none of that polish and fineness that one associates with the later George Moore.

We may contrast this excerpt with one or two from the later books, such as *The Brook Kerith* and *Ulick and Soracha*.

"It was at the end of a summer evening, long after his usual bedtime, that Joseph sitting on his grandmother's knee, heard her tell that Kish having lost his asses sent Saul, his son, to seek them in the land of the Benjaminites and the land of Shalisha, whither they had strayed. But they were not in these lands, Son, she continued, nor in Zulp, whither Saul went afterwards, and being then tired out with looking for them he said to the servant: We shall do well to forget the asses lest my father should ask what has become of us. But the servant being of a mind that Kish would not care to see them without the asses said to young Saul: Let us go up into yon city, for a great seer lives there and he will be able to put us in the right way to come upon the asses."⁵¹

From the second we choose the following description of a storm:

" 'There is not a dry rag on board,' said Tadhg. 'Look ahead, for God's sake, captain.' Another big fellow is coming, he added under his breath. Port! cried the captain, and the wave carried *The White Cloud* over the crest into the hollow, the sail on her foremast helping her to climb out of it. And hour after hour went by with the same dangers, the same escapes, till the thought came to them that the speed of the wind was increasing and would carry them beyond England into the Atlantic.

"For that or some other reason they heard the captain cry: We are running

⁵⁰ *Op. cit.*, p. 45.

⁵¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 1.

too fast; take in another reef! But his voice not seeming to reach them aloft he moved a couple of steps nearer to make himself heard, and in that moment the mischief was done; for the steersman let the ship swing a little sideways and over her came a great wash of water carrying away a great part of the poop and breaking the main mast."⁵²

There is an obvious difference which can only be expressed by the statement that Mr. Moore's later style is highly individual and is characterized by a smooth, harmonious flow of thought and cadence. The first style is coarse, ugly, and without the distinction of being separated from contemporary journalistic writing. A number of means by which Mr. Moore obtains this constantly moving style are evident when a paragraph has been studied. The sentences are frequently long, being made up of coordinate clauses joined by many conjunctions, such as "and" and "for"; and he employs the present active participle very often. As an additional means of holding a continuity of thought, he omits quotation marks and sometimes other types of punctuation. The reader, not having these guide posts to give him the signs for pause and expression follows the narrative without emphasizing dialogue, description, or narrative, in fact hardly distinguishing between them. This highly artificial means of obtaining a ceaseless flow of idea is helped by others equally the result of carefully omitting any division that would interrupt the story. The very distance between the sentences is lessened, particularly in *Ulick and Soracha*; the paragraphs are made extremely long, sometimes covering several pages. The indentation of the beginning of each new paragraph is very slight.

Thus Mr. Moore gets in his style that quality which he so admired in Pater's, the musical, smoothly moving progress of thought across the page. As he remarked of Pater, that he tried to make his prose attain to the condition of music and that he wrote more for the ear than for any other sense, so he himself puts into practice this theory and tries to make his own prose like a murmurous melody in which one is lost as in a stream of sound. He is striving rather gently, just as Pater strove, for

⁵² *Op. cit.*, p. 27.

beauty, and he has through long years of practice acquired a great measure of beauty in his style. We know that he is a most careful and scrupulous writer, that he has practiced and practiced his art with the most sincere conscience, aiming always in his rewriting and polishing to bring forth only that which is his finest literary effect.

In acquiring this nice sense of subtle cadence and charming rhythm, he has lost like Pater a great deal of force. Just as one reads page after page of the older man without being surprised by any vivid description of an exciting or extremely active episode in which the action is hurried and rushed by short sentences, such as the gladiatorial combat in *Marius*, one finds a similar lack of vigor in Moore's later style. The reader is carried along by the sweet, languorous flow of the prose. The passage which we have quoted from *Ulick and Soracha* is a description of a storm. Yet no reader has a sense of wild waves tossing, the snap of rope, the flapping of sails, and the general turmoil that is always on a ship which is straining against the elements. There are exclamations, descriptions, and narrative, but one does not have a feeling of excitement as one reads. One thought flows so quietly into another that there is no break or time to gasp for breath. After one has read for a time in the *Brook Kerith* or *Ulick and Soracha*, one's mind is lulled into a kind of coma by the melodious quality of the prose, until one believes that Mr. Moore has attained something of the Paterian standard in making his art approach the perfection of music in which matter and form are not distinguished the one from the other—for it must be admitted that much of Mr. Moore's later writing is not to be valued for its intellectual content.

Nor must we omit *Heloise and Abelard* where the style which makes the other two books just discussed long streams of lustrous prose, is applied to a famous love story, and all the violence of the life in the middle ages is transmuted into serene passages of time. None of the frightful stress and yearning that the lovers must have felt is emphasized; no ugly realism is introduced, or if it is intended it is not made a stumbling block in the aesthetics of the book. Devices which are exactly the same as those used in the other books are employed in this for the purpose of

getting the effect which Mr. Moore seems to desire. He has evidently taken to heart and to mind in these late years that admonition that Pater gave him in the letter which told him, as a young man learning to write, that descriptions of violent states of mind and surprising action do not serve the purposes of art, for ever since that time he has gradually divested his style of these disturbing elements.

The novels, plays and criticism, which stand between the very early works and the last are of varying excellence stylistically, but show a constant progress toward the perfection which he has attained within the last decade and a half. In such critical volumes as *Impressions and Opinions* and *Modern Painting* the style is brisk and lively, having no slow, carefully interwoven continuity. *Mike Fletcher*, *Vain Fortune* and *Esther Waters* show no marked improvement in style, although *Esther Waters* has a rather individual manner. *Celibates* has something of the languorous manner, and *Evelyn Innes* has many places which are of the first rank in style. It was when this book appeared that critics began to mention the influence of Pater upon Mr. Moore.⁵³ The style is conspicuous for its richness and smoothness, its intellectual and aesthetic qualities, its command of material, and its inherent musical quality. In *The Lake* Mr. Moore developed his style even further; and became quite dreamy and reminiscent in *Memoirs of My Dead Life*. *Hail and Farewell* saw the beginnings of his latest style, in which he represses completely any strong emotional writing, merging dialogue, description, and narrative. When he rewrote *A Drama in Muslin* and *A Modern Lover* his revisions consisted chiefly in omitting certain glittering or unrhythmical passages which offended his now well-developed taste. The new version of *Muslin* is scarcely changed. Now and then we find a sentence omitted, word order reversed, or a new paragraph inserted.

⁵³ Several of the critics who have commented upon the apparent association between Moore and Pater are:

Susan L. Mitchell: *George Moore*, Maunsell & Co. Ltd., London, 1916, p. 110.

C. K. Chesterton: *Heretics*, Bodley Head, London, 1914, p. 122.

John Freeman: *A Study of George Moore Through His Works*, New York, Appleton, 1922, p. 165.

A Modern Lover is more completely rewritten as *Lewis Seymour and Some Women*, there being long passages inlaid for critical purposes and the style in parts partakes of the late manner. It is almost impossible to trace all of Mr. Moore's revisions. He has apparently scraped and polished every bit of prose that he ever wrote. There are two or three versions of *The Confessions of a Young Man*, for instance. He has felt it his conscientious duty to inspect every new edition in order that his literary scruples may be satisfied.

There are many elements in Mr. Moore's style besides the Paterian. He has read the King James version, and we find its rhythms and idiom, in the *Brook Kerith*. There are also the Irish and the French idioms of which he has not quite cleared himself. They are frequently evident, but their presence does not mean that Mr. Moore's practice of style does not follow the teaching of the man whom he acknowledges as his master. He has worked alien elements into his English in such a fashion that they do not shock our sense of aesthetic fitness. We find certain peculiarities in Moore which are found in Pater. Mr. Moore begins many of his sentences with *and*, a feature quite marked in Pater's writing. The liking for certain words, such as *charm* and *exquisite*, is found in both. The chief influence Pater has had, therefore, upon Mr. Moore's style has been to give him a literary conscience and a basis upon which to build up his own style.

In his most recent work, *Aphrodite in Aulis* (New York, Brentano 1931), Mr. Moore has chosen ancient Greece as the setting for his narrative, and the lives of a sculptor and an architect as his subject. Not only is such a theme Paterian, but the style in which it is written is as serene and unaccented as that which we have been analyzing in this chapter—an artistic evolution or development of Mr. Moore's craft.

VI

CONCLUSION

Mr. Moore is too important a person in present-day English letters to be called an imitator and nothing more. We do not make the extravagant claim that there is nothing in the fabric of the novelist's work which has not come under the modification of Pater's philosophy of life and art. The admiration for Landor, Balzac, Baudelaire, Turgueneff, Huysman, and the many other English, French and Russian men of letters, which is reiterated in the volumes that Mr. Moore has published, admonishes us that many influences have contributed during the past fifty-odd years to make the canon of our author's works a rich and complex expression of an equally rich and complex intellectual experience, and that we must not claim too much for the Paterian association. There is also Mr. Moore himself. He too may be said in no little part to be in his novels. We have sought in this study to separate art, to segregate to a certain extent, the evidences of Paterian influence, and in our search we have perhaps been excessively enthusiastic in ascribing details, upon rather slender support, to the apparently deep admiration which Mr. Moore has had for Pater. We have on the whole followed a method which we believe to be consistent, logical, and scholarly. The influence as we find it has been of a two-fold nature—qualitative and quantitative. Perhaps a reversal of the order of this parenthesis would better describe the method of the thesis—namely quantity and quality.

The first chapter has much to do with quantity. It is by this means that we have sought to lay the foundation of the work. By taking the numerous instances in which Mr. Moore has given space to the works of Pater—to praise and criticism of the leader of the English school of aesthetes, we have determined how important Mr. Moore deems Pater as a figure in English literature and as an influence upon his own writing. This has been chiefly a chronological tracing from the slight allusion in *A Drama in Muslin*, then from the estimate in the *Confessions of a Young Man*,

through the occasional mention in novels, and the frequent discussions in the autobiographical critical works such as *Hail and Farewell*, *Avowals* and *Conversations in Ebury Street*, besides miscellaneous articles. The results of this research prove rather conclusively that Mr. Moore is showing us, both voluntarily and involuntarily, that Pater is of great importance in his literary life.

We have been able to point out in this chapter that there is not only quantity but also quality in the influence that we seek to prove; for the phraseology of several of the passages quoted may be compared to the writing of Walter Pater, more especially in the philosophical novel, *Marius the Epicurean*. The significant result to be remembered from these findings is that Mr. Moore is trying to choose a new diction which will conform to the standards and taste of the man whom he has discovered.

No doubt this early enthusiasm for Pater was intensified by the youthfulness of Mr. Moore. The personal association between the two, the discipleship which Mr. Moore sought out, was no doubt of the greatest temporary importance in bringing Mr. Moore's mind to a consideration of a new kind of aestheticism; and although he became a kind of scoffer for a time, he returned, as it were, to the fold of admirers, even upon his own confessions.

For the summary of this first chapter, we have endeavored to put into related connection the ways in which Mr. Moore claims to be influenced by Pater, and the ways in which he is apparently influenced as shown by the criticisms of Pater which he makes.

In short, when Mr. Moore was a young man, just returned from France, endeavoring to be a brutal naturalist, but perhaps not satisfied with his own work, with an art which was not appealing to his softer aesthetic nature, he discovered Walter Pater, whose material, thought, and style especially, aroused an immediate enthusiasm and admiration in him for the Oxford writer, caused him to set his own pen in the same tradition, became idols of his later literary activity, and were instrumental in bringing elements of suggestive and sensuous beauty into his writing.

The second chapter devoted chiefly, as it is, to one book, gives Mr. Moore in the first swell of his Paterian attachment. By contrasting the themes, plots and treatments of the novels

precedent to Morris reading of *Marius the Epicurean*, we find in the early works the evidences of the French realists and the ugliness of superficial social life. The young author is essentially pessimistic, does not wish to see the cheerfulness and beauty about him and has little regard for delicacies of style. But in the story of John Norton, as portrayed in *A Mere Accident*, we have decided evidences of Pater. There is an enthusiastic outburst, much like that which came later in the *Confessions*, and the phrasing in most of the part which discusses Pater, is obviously taken from *Marius the Epicurean*. The novel is basically aesthetic in the commonly accepted sense of the word. Discussions of art in all its forms are inserted into its pages. The writings of the school of Cornelius Fronto and late Latin authors are most closely associated with Pater's literary productions. Although the matters of sculpture, painting and furnishing in the large are not directly from Pater, the atmosphere of the book has a Paterian quality.

Part of this aura is obtained through the constant religious preoccupation which John Norton has, and his rather obtrusive chastity, which is a somewhat vulgar accentuation of a virtue which Marius possesses but does not parade. The fondness for religious services, the appeal to the senses in the incense, the candles, the glitter of encrusted robes, the sound of voices, and at the same time the unearthly quality of the divine service, is set forth strongly; and John is in ecstasy over the life which keeps him in association with these beautiful acts, these forms which constitute his very superficial religious sense.

We do not accuse Mr. Moore of thinking his character insincere, but we do feel that the roughness of his old manner has not been sufficiently worn off to give him perfect command of his material and to present us with a beautiful character.

In this novel the beauty of nature is emphasized and the ideas which Mr. Moore tells us he obtained from the first perusal of *Marius* appear.

There is much "gentleness" in the book, but also much harshness and ugliness. Mr. Moore has tried something new and has not been wholly successful. The quality with which he seeks to imbue his novel is only partly present, for the author has not

broken completely with his old ideals. In the absolute, the work is so poorly constructed, so unconvincing, so weak in motive, so unnatural that it is not worthy of consideration. Its interest lies in the historical position it holds in the development of Mr. Moore's art. Norton may be the modern Epicurean, or he may be Pater himself, though it is probable that he is but another mood of George Moore, who takes on the intellectual coloring of a moment or an environment just as a chameleon strives to emulate the coloring of its surroundings. It comes immediately after his reading of Pater and indicates a change—and a change which is to grow upon Mr. Moore. Despite the deficiencies of the novel, there are many attempts to improve the style. The cadence and the peculiarity of sound in English came now to be part of the young author's ambition.

The attention given to nature in the novels, a phase of the influence which we have developed in the third chapter, is one of the outgrowths of Pater's suggestiveness. Like all men who have dynamic energy in their thought he inspired his different disciples, his school, with various phases of interest in the beautiful. Mr. Moore having been impressed by the aesthetic appeal of the very delicate and sensuous nature that permeates the pages of *Marius* and other works by Pater is representative of one group.

Our task in tracing out the attitude which Mr. Moore takes toward natural beauty has been based upon his own admissions, which have given us clues to follow. The emphasis of the loveliness of the open air, the forms of the landscape, the play of light and shadow, especially the coloring of light, the trees and the flights of birds are now prevalent in Mr. Moore's works. There had been some of these in the older books, but in the newer ones the emphasis is placed upon the serenity, the joyous influence of nature; the repose which it can give to the distressed human mind. It does not appear in all the books, for Mr. Moore did not take immediately to portraying life as a continuous stream of rather pleasant sensations and opinions. *Spring Days* and *Esther Waters* are witnesses that the first manner came back occasionally. But even in these there are signs that the author has been "influenced" toward a more careful style and a kindlier

regard for nature. It is in *Evelyn Innes*, *The Lake*, *The Brook Kerith*, *Heloise and Abelard* and *Ulick and Soracha* that this phase of Pater influence strikes the reader most forcibly. The author is striving for certain effects, and he is now master enough of material and language to be successful. The elements which make up his style are introduced subtly, and the art conceals the artist. The reader does not immediately comprehend at first the significance of the allusions to the beauty of the evening, the shape of trees, the shaft of sunlight, the bird that sings so cheerfully on the nearby branch, but the recollection of these details assures us that the author has a purpose in putting them there, that they are part of the design in the fabric that he is weaving for us, intended for suggesting beautiful images to the mind and for calling up to anyone who has spent much time in the country, the very sights and sounds which leave gracious images upon the memory. The imagery is "altogether sensuous", and yet selected and refined by a man who is now painstaking with his style.

This chapter shows perhaps, above all the others, that supreme effect which Pater had upon Mr. Moore. It may be summed up in one noun, "beauty". For Mr. Moore now seeks before all other qualities to give the sense of beauty to his prose.

The matter of character, which we have taken up in the next chapter is the most elusive of all the debts which Mr. Moore owes to Pater. And yet, it is present not only by Mr. Moore's own statement, but as evidenced by context and exposition of certain people presented. "Mildness in life", which is at the foundation of this concept of character is presented to us in many people. The religious interest is ever prevalent—with one or two exceptions. John Norton was, of course, the first of this list. When the character does not depend upon religion to see him through, he finds consolation in an inquisitive skepticism, inspired by that philosophic interest which Marius and the other characters Pater has created carry with them through life. Mr. Moore has become interested in this state of mind, this lack of intellectual assurance with which Pater so completely endows his characters. Yet withal Mr. Moore has suppressed much of the violence and strife of

modern life in these people, who seek cloistered meditation through the story, or at least at the end of it.

Mr. Moore's anti-catholicism—his defection from the Roman church—was not followed by a strong unequivocal acceptance of the Gospel according to the Church of England. It is true that he sought communion at the Anglican table—but not so much because he still accepted the orthodox dogmas of Christianity but because he "discovered" himself to be a Protestant, which probably means that in his heart he protested against any of the accepted Christian theology. Another factor which probably added to his renunciation was the bad taste of the Irish Catholic church. Mr. Moore's own mind is skeptical; and yet he can appreciate the violent spiritual paroxysms of the man or woman wishing to believe. We must judge the characters, however, chiefly upon the estimates that he makes of Marius and other characters in Pater.

Pater's influence is general rather than specific. We must admit that Mr. Moore has been given a wider and deeper viewpoint, perhaps a more intellectual viewpoint, and an intellectual viewpoint modified by reasonableness.

This much is to be said for the conclusions to be drawn from the character influence, and it is, that much of the unpleasant sordidness that surrounds the early characters is displaced by a kind of buoyancy, despite the skepticism which makes their lives serious.

The final chapter shows us many individual instances in which Mr. Moore has been thinking of Pater although he has not been willing to acknowledge the source of his inspiration. We may well look for passages similar in sentiment and even approximately parallel in diction. The praise that Mr. Moore has bestowed upon Pater is bound to be productive of similar thought and idealization. The matter of style, like the matter of character, is more general than specific. The ideals of sensuousness and mildness are carried out—especially in his later works. By the time that Mr. Moore has reached his latest period his, prose and Pater's prose have one great quality in common a lack of intensiveness. The methods by which this is obtained are not

exactly the same, but apparently Mr. Moore has striven to create the same musical quality that Pater obtained in his prose.

Finally, we may sum up Pater's influence upon Mr. Moore by saying that it has always been toward the good, toward the constant improvement of the artist. Moore has acknowledged the inspiration which Pater was to him in his youth, gradually has come to the state where he is seeking a constant improvement in his literary work, and has wrought his own works of art with the sincerity and craftsmanship which are indeed consistent with a "disciple of Walter Pater."²¹

In the introduction to his translation of *The Pastoral Loves of Daphnis and Chloe* (London, Heineman, 1924) Mr. Moore, in dialog with Mr. Whitaker, discusses Pater's theories of translation. May we surmise that his own translation of Longinus's romance has been inspired by Pater's translation of *Cupid and Psyche*, as found in *Marius the Epicurean*?

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